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ART. I.—*A Series of Popular Essays*, illustrative of the principles essentially connected with the improvement of the Understanding, the Imagination, and the Heart. By Elizabeth Hamilton. 2 vols. Octavo. pp. 942. £1. 4s. 0d. Longman, 1813.

It may be remarked, that three distinguished ladies, who pay their fellow creatures the compliment of especially attending to their improvement, are natives of England, Ireland, and Scotland, respectively; and that they strikingly exhibit, in their productions, the characteristic features of each. Mrs. More is grave, sensible, and discriminative; Miss Edgeworth fertile of invention, witty, and humorous; and Mrs. Hamilton calm, observant, and metaphysical. It is not our intention to enter into the comparative merit of these varied qualifications; we feel indebted to them all; but the world, which, when over-instructed, is very apt to fall into the humour of the senator *Poco-curante*, is not so complaisant. We have accordingly heard it whispered, that nothing is more fatiguing than too much good sense; that wit, humour, and imagination, may entirely exhaust their archetypes; and that, with respect to certain well meant attempts to turn attention inwards upon consciousness, it gives us too much of self one way, and too little another, to be ever agreeable. We merely mention the existence of these little heresies to prove the ingratitude of man—for ourselves, we profess too much of Mr. Burke's 'loyalty to sex' to be otherwise than orthodox. Indeed, it appears to us, that in the christian virtue of returning

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good for evil, our amiable counterparts leave us entirely behind. With more than Turkish impoliteness, we, for a long time, hesitated as to the propriety of educating them at all—they, on the contrary, seem to aim at nothing less than our *perpetual* improvement. It is not impossible but that some of the sages, who so decidedly object to female acquirement, have been favoured with a second sight of this persevering solicitude, and, with the jealousy of prerogative, which always distinguishes profundity, are fearful of being considered under everlasting tuition.

The design of Mrs. Hamilton in these *Essays* will be best explained by a short extract from her introduction:

‘I now hasten to the explanatory observations that are presumed to be necessary. It has, in the title-page, been stated, that what is contained in these *Essays*, is connected with the improvement of the understanding, the imagination, and the heart. I have now to prove the existence, and to explain the nature of this connexion. In order to which it may, at the outset, be necessary to premise, that it is not in the form of didactic precept, or grave admonition, that I have presumed to offer my assistance, even to the uninformed. It is by calling the attention of the reader to a serious examination of the obstacles which impede our progress, and which must be surmounted, before either the heart or the understanding can be effectually improved, that I have attempted to accomplish the end proposed. The obstacles to which I allude, are not created by external circumstances: they are to be found within, and can only be discovered by an actual survey of our common nature; such as may, however, be taken by every person capable of observation and reflection.

‘It will hence be inferred, that the subjects treated of in the following *Essays* are nearly connected with the science of mind; nor is the inference erroneous. I do not indeed know how it is possible to effect improvement, without taking into consideration the nature of that which is to be improved. But let not those, who hastily decide upon the merit of a work by looking into the first pages, hence conclude, that I mean to be dull, deep, and metaphysical throughout. I assure them of the contrary; and that, as it is not in my power to be very deep, I have taken care to be as little dull as possible.

‘The conclusions which I have presumed to make, are deduced from facts that are the objects of our familiar observation, and when it has been thought necessary to illustrate them, the mode of illustration adopted will be found to correspond with the term *popular*, assumed in the title.’

The first essay, as the authoress herself observes, is but remotely connected with those which follow. It is intitled ‘general observations on the utility of the study of mind and of its connection with the improvement of education.’

As this subject has been so recently discussed by some of the ablest pens in the country, we will not detain our readers by a re-statement of arguments with which most of them must be familiar. Mrs. Hamilton, as might be expected, is more allusive and illustrative, than original or profound. In her opinion, the best way to effect a more general apprehension of the utility and importance of the study of mind, is to divest it of the scholastic trappings which render it repulsive and disagreeable. We so far agree with her as to believe, that, through gradationary *media*, much of the discovery and observation of superior minds, in this delicate line of inquiry, will, in time, reach the community; but, beyond this, we hope for little. Altogether on the side of Professor Stewart, as to the value of an acquaintance with the laws which regulate the faculties of man, we are quite convinced by his opponents, that the obstacles which impede a popular study of them are insurmountable. 'Those,' says Mrs. Hamilton, 'who estimate the importance of every species of knowledge by its utility, and appreciate its utility by the degree in which it is calculated to facilitate their moral improvement, only require to be assured that a subject possesses those advantages in order to have their attention excited to an examination of its merits.' To the truth of this we heartily subscribe; yet fear the number, who either are, or can be, thus operated upon, will never be very great. It should be remembered, that a large majority of those who cultivate science, certainly of those who cultivate it most successfully, are obliged to have something more in contemplation than the mere speculative improvement, either of themselves, or of their contemporaries. Not only fame and fortune, but even a due supply of the *unpoetical requisites* are frequently dependant upon their exertions, which are, in consequence, necessarily regulated by the prevailing estimation of their practical utility. Therefore, until the study of mind can be connected with some of the every day motives of action, the great body of mercenaries cannot take the field; and if it really 'offers no gratification to human vanity, under any of its modifications,' by far the greater number of amateurs will not. What then remains, but that, as to direct culture, it should continue as it now is—the pursuit of a small number of highly gifted individuals enabled by circumstance to follow the bent of a peculiar disposition. 'Those who obtain any excellence commonly spend life in one pursuit,

for excellence is not often obtained upon easier terms.' Such was the observation of Johnson; if true, how few can devote themselves to a science to which it applies with more force than to any other.

In the succeeding essays the ground assumed by Mrs. Hamilton is more limited, as well as more tenable. The first of these is 'on the agency of attention in the development of the intellectual powers'—the second 'on the effects resulting from a peculiar direction of attention on the power of imagination, and in producing the emotions of taste.' There is a great deal of very happy illustration in both of them, but we cannot consider anything contained in either as claiming, in the smallest degree, the merit of discovery. It should appear, by the following passage, that Mrs. Hamilton thinks otherwise.

'In the observations that have occurred to me, concerning the correspondence which subsists between the degree in which any sense, or faculty, or passion, or affection, habitually operates, and the degree of attention given to what may be termed the proper objects of that particular sense, faculty, passion, or affection, as I am unsupported by the authority of any great name, the reader will be determined by his own judgment in pronouncing on their value; they will therefore be approved or rejected, as they are found consonant to his own observation and experience, and not as they oppose or correspond with the doctrines of any particular school, or the opinions of any favorite author.'

Now, with respect to the general principle thus alluded to, it is impossible to conceive any thing more trite than that the human faculties habitually operate in proportion as they are primarily excited, and called out. We are quite at a loss to discover upon what opposing theory any system of education, any study or acquirement, any application to art, profession, or mystery, can possibly be grounded. This can be but a mere question of degree between Mrs. Hamilton and all the world. We are really astonished, at being somewhat pompously informed, that the improvement of one sense upon the failure of another, arises from the increased attention that must necessarily be paid to it—that in the practice of those arts which require great delicacy of touch, that great delicacy of touch will infallibly be acquired—that in those which exercise the attention in the perception of distant objects, the eye will acquire the power of discriminating such objects—and that those which call for minute examination, the attention being directed to minute objects,

will enable the sight to discover them. All this, and much more of the same kind, we thought we knew a year or two after leaving school. Setting this tone aside, most of the subsequent explication of Mrs. Hamilton we deem exceedingly ingenious and directly instructive. We were particularly struck with this in the chapter which treats of the effects of a partial cultivation of the faculty of perception, and will, therefore, select a passage or two from it, that we conceive will place her powers of observation in a very favourable point of view.

'Among the vain, frivolous, and uncultivated of my own sex, attention is chiefly directed to dress. The perceptions with regard to every change of fashion, and every minute particular in the form, colour, and arrangement of personal ornaments and decorations, will, in such persons, be found astonishingly acute. Neither bead nor bugle will escape their notice. But let us not imagine that, if the attention has been thus engrossed, the perceptions, with regard to other objects, will be found equally lively. No. The same person whose perceptions, with regard to every article of dress, are in the utmost perfection, may possibly be so void of perception, with regard to other objects, as to pass many of the most striking, both in the works of nature and of art, without perceiving their existence. Nay, so deficient may she be in point of observation, even with regard to objects that are continually before her eyes, as to be unconscious of the existence of those articles with which the carelessness of servants or children may have littered her apartments.

'In the middle walk of life, the woman, whose perceptions have been thus partially cultivated, is, in some respects, less qualified for performing those duties which include attention to domestic economy in all its branches, than if she were entirely blind. For, in the latter case, the more vigilant exercise of attention would compensate, in a great measure, for the deficiency; whereas, in the former case, attention is absorbed by the class of objects to which it has been exclusively directed. Nor will the consequences, to those who are connected with her in domestic life, be much less fatal, though the objects that absorb her attention be of a superior class.

'The same want of perception, exemplified in the woman whose attention has been occupied by dress, may, alas! be sometimes observed in minds of higher order. How often, with grieved hearts, have we listened to comments on the effects of this deficiency, produced in triumph as decided proof of the pernicious, but inevitable, consequences of directing the female mind to the acquirement of superior knowledge or superior taste.'

The following also, although we demur to the observation with which it is concluded.

'Where habits of general observation have not been thus acquired, we have reason to believe that no part of the surrounding objects are

perceived, except in cases where the attention is particularly directed towards them for some particular purpose. And as even men of science may sometimes labour under this disadvantage, I shall, from that respectable class, produce an illustration.

'A landscape painter, if deficient in habits of general observation, while he directs his attention towards those combinations of objects which are associated in his mind with the ideas of sublimity or beauty, observes not the peculiarities of the soil, nor of the plants which cover it: he gazes on a mass of rock without perceiving that it differs, except in respect of form, from any other rock; and, if a wretched human figure meets his eye, thinks only of the picturesque effects of the rags by which it is partially clothed.

'Let us suppose him to be followed through the same scene by a mineralogist, whose perceptions have also been but partially cultivated. With what insensibility does he pass the venerable oak, whose tortuous branches had, at first sight, attracted the attention of the painter, and excited his warmest admiration? Whether clothed in the green livery of summer, or in the sober tints of autumn; whether their tender stems bend flexile before the breeze, or their firm and stately trunks bid proud defiance to the storm, the children of the forest alike escape his notice. He may, indeed, observe the form of the lofty craggs which overhang the cataract, and, if they serve to confirm his favorite theory, will observe them with no small interest; but of the peculiarities which constitute, in the eye of taste, their sublimity of grandeur, he is quite unconscious. Neither does he cast a glance towards the ruins of the ancient castle which frowns upon him from the brink of the steepy rock; nor hear the clamour of the noisy daws, which, roused by the sound of his hammer, fly tumultuous over his head. The botanist, meanwhile, absorbed in the objects of his own pursuit, visits the same scene, and perceives in it nothing but the plants of which he is in search.

"From giant oaks that wave their branches dark,
To the dwarf moss that clings upon their bark,"

not a single species among the vegetable tribes escapes his observation: but creation presents to his eye no other objects. If he looks to the rocks, it is merely to observe with what species of lichen they are covered; if he walks by the silver stream or spreading lake, it is not to rejoice in their beauty, for to him every stream and every lake are the same, that are bordered by plants of the same genus.

'Such are the consequences of habitually confining the attention to the examination of any one distinct class of the objects of perception, where habits of general observation have not been previously formed. Had either the artist or the men of science above described, been possessed of that power of observation which arises from the cultivation of the perceptions, it is evident that the number of ideas which each received in the course of his morning walk must have been nearly tripled; and they would have been thus augmented without any detriment to the peculiar objects of pursuit; for in such an astonishing degree

does habit facilitate the operation of attention, that, especially with regard to the objects of perception, it becomes involuntary, is carried on, not only without effort, but without consciousness.'

We cannot, by any means, agree with Mrs. Hamilton that a more extended observation, in either of these instances, would not have been detrimental to the immediate object of pursuit. Attention must be accurate in proportion as it is exclusive; and that for the very reasons alleged to prove the contrary. It is because 'habit *does* so facilitate the operation of attention, that, with regard to the objects of perception, it becomes involuntary,' that we are convinced of the tendency of a multifarious train of association to weaken its intensity upon any given object. A nice application of a faculty, which is not always at the command of volition, is thereby rendered necessary—that of abstraction. An absolute effort must be made to shut out the intrusive ideas; and we think a very slight degree of *attention* will satisfy any one that it may not always be successful: indeed the power of so doing without difficulty, is considered a philosophical requisite of the first order. We are the more surprised at these observations from Mrs. Hamilton, as the truth of her whole theory seems involved by them. We do not understand what she means, in the passage already quoted, 'of the correspondence which subsists between the degree in which any sense or faculty habitually operates, and the degree of attention given to what may be found the proper object of it,' if we are to believe that two or three sets of associations can be carried on at the same time, without injury to each other. To instance the lady whose attention to dress will permit neither bead nor bugle to escape her. If her observation was more extended and general, would she be so accurate in regard to the said beads and bugles?—certainly not. And are not the painter, the botanist, and the mineralogist, in exactly the same situation relatively to their respective pursuits. Mrs. Hamilton clearly conceives what is good for man, but not for all men; and forgets, in her sense of the utility of varied observation, that she has been arguing all along to prove the comparative force of that which is particular. She has discovered that as to touch, taste, and smell, the *poor* are certainly gainers, in some instances, by having their perceptions blunted by disuse. Is there no description of persons between them and the rich who derive advantage from a similar sacrifice? The truth is, that, until human nature

can render itself independent of circumstances, it is more or less the case with every one—the very form of civil society rests upon the fact. ‘The Allwise Creator,’ says Mrs. Hamilton, ‘has not formed the human mind upon so limited a plan as to render it necessary to annihilate one faculty, in order to make room for the operation of another.’ We firmly believe it; but man is more unreasonable. The painters, botanists, and mineralogists, of this well informed lady might be more amiable, more accomplished, and possibly wiser men, than those whom her fancy has drawn; but we much doubt if their pictures would be so much bought, or their lectures so much attended to. In short, if we understand what Mrs. Hamilton means by the agency of attention, the whole fabric of her reasoning is reared on the very foundation which the concluding observations in this, otherwise very ingenious, illustration is calculated to overthrow.

In the application of her remarks to education, Mrs. Hamilton is led to speak of the instruction of the poor. The power and propriety of adding to their facilities at all have been so recently acknowledged, that we could not help smiling at her asking if it should not be the primary concern of those who take an interest in it ‘to render school education the means of supplying the deficiencies of home instruction, by remedying those mental defects that are, under certain circumstances, inevitably contracted.’ We hail this generous feeling, but fear the affair must rest in its present stage for some time longer; or, at least, until the question will cease to apply to seminaries of a much higher order. In the mean time it is a great gratification that the progression is begun; for, however it may be with the individual, knowledge is the *virtue* of communities.

In the essay which treats of the effects of a peculiar direction of attention in producing the emotions of taste, Mrs. Hamilton endeavours to prove, and we think with success, that they are not to be produced by the operations of intellect, nor of the affections separately, but by their combined operation. The inference is, that taste, in the highest sense of the term, can only exist where both the heart, and the understanding, have been duly attended to. There is much sound observation on the acquirement of partial predilections, or what is understood by a taste, for this or that thing exclusively. Some of the links which

connect the social sympathies with inanimate nature are also very pleasingly pointed out; although occasionally with a pious refinement of speculation that is not entirely judicious. We have a particular distaste to allusions like the following.

‘As an astronomer, the shepherd king of Israel was probably much inferior to La Place. It is, however, more than probable, that the former in exclaiming, “When I consider the heavens the work of *thy* fingers—the moon and the stars which *thou* hast ordained!” &c. experienced such emotions of sublimity as were never known to the sceptic philosopher, even in the happy moment of ascertaining the laws by which the evolution of the stars were regulated, or in that of discovering the means employed by Omnipotence for chaining the ocean to its mighty bed.

‘Is, then, the cultivation of science inimical to the cultivation of taste? By no means. It is only when secondary causes have *exclusively* occupied the attention, that the pursuit of science can produce insensibility to those finer emotions.’

In reference to the comparative science of king David and La Place, we leave the *probability* where Mrs. Hamilton has placed it; but, as to the rest, we could observe, that the degree of emotion which the profound operations of the philosopher excited in himself is entirely unknown, and that, either in the pursuit of science or the communication of it, secondary causes *should exclusively* occupy the attention. Meditations on the starry heavens, or among tombs, and flower gardens, are very agreeable in their proper place; but had the French astronomer detailed his discoveries either in the style of Hervey, or the missionary voyagers, we should deem it a proof of any thing but *taste*. In the following observations on sublimity, the same cause is productive of a conclusion which we can hardly think correct.

‘When we solemnly contemplate the nature and excellence of any one of the divine attributes, as power, justice, wisdom, or goodness, we are immediately sensible of an emotion corresponding to the nature of the attribute on which we fix our attention: But it is by viewing these attributes as combined in inseparable union, that our hearts are filled with that profound veneration due to infinite perfection. In like manner, when, in beholding the characters of infinite power, or strength, or wisdom, or beneficence, impressed on any of the objects in creation, if our attention be exclusively directed to one of these qualities, though we may hence experience the solemn emotions of fear, or the cheerful emotions of admiration and gratitude, we shall not experience the emotions of the sublimity.

‘As an illustration of the above remark, let us suppose ourselves placed at the base of a stupendous mountain, in a situation to behold rock piled on rock, in a manner that threatened, by the fall of the project-

ing mass, to crush us into atoms : Few objects in nature present to the imagination a spectacle more sublime. It may nevertheless be beheld without producing one emotion of sublimity. It will excite no such emotion in the mind of him whose attention is directed solely to the danger that would attend the fall of those lofty craggs, which appear prepared to descend in vengeance on his head. Neither will the emotion of sublimity be felt by him whose attention is occupied in measuring by his eye the height of the precipice, and comparing it with what he has heard of the height of other mountains. Nor by him who, from having contemplated the Deity exclusively in the attributes of power and justice, connects with these his works, the appalling ideas of unappeasable wrath, and unlimitable puissance.'

If this be true there can be no sublime emotion but what is connected with a direct impression of an all powerful, all wise, and all beneficent deity. How much this exalted notion of the creator of all things, where correspondent ideas are attached to the terms, is calculated to increase our susceptibility of the moral sublime, is evident ; yet can it be averred that emotions of sublimity have never been excited but through this medium ? Does Mrs. Hamilton really imagine that no individual of the heathen world ever entertained a conception of the sublime ? If so, it must be confessed, that some of them have strangely contrived to produce sentiments in us, which they were incapable of themselves. Did the thirteenth and fourteenth Iliads, for instance, never enrapture any but a few pedants and Parson Adams ? Was no emotion excited in the bosom of the man who conceived them, nor in those of his readers who acknowledged his gods for their own ? In the first book of *Paradise Lost*, the imagination, as it regards the deity, is occupied by the ideas of his power and vengeance exclusively ; yet, surely, no qualified person ever arose from the perusal without that overwhelming sensation of the vast, and the awful, which, if not an emotion of the sublime, is yet without a name. To revert to the great or magnificent in nature ; we even conceive it capable of exciting emotions of sublimity in a mind which, without any previous idea of a first cause, might be led by such a proof of stupendous power to form one. If this be admitted, the spring of soul, produced by scenes similar to that which Mrs. Hamilton has so eloquently described, is not necessarily connected with particular ideas of the justice, benignity, and mercy, of the great author of them, any more than is the general idea of *justice* with the appalling one of unappeasable wrath. On the contrary, we think that, attention bestowed upon attributes not directly suggested by the instant perception, rather serves to weaken

than increase, that unity of impression which is essential to sublimity, however excitable of profound veneration, and devotional feeling.

The remaining part of the work, consisting of a third of the first, and of the whole of the second volume, is dedicated to the consideration of a tendency in human nature, which Mrs. Hamilton has denominated the *propensity to magnify the idea of self*—a tendency which she thus defines :

‘ From observing what passes in the minds of children, before they have acquired the art of concealing the motives by which they are actuated, we are in a manner compelled to infer, that besides the appetites which direct to the preservation of life, there are certain desires of propensities interwoven in the frame of our nature, which operate spontaneously, and arrive at mature strength, long before the intellectual faculties have been sufficiently exercised to be capable of more than a limited and occasional exertion. The same restless desire, termed by Solomon, “ the folly that is bound up in the heart of a child,” continues through every period of life to exert its influence in the human breast : It occasionally blends with all the operations of intellect, and, in most of those pursuits in which the life of man is spent, will be found, on examination, to have been the primary motive to exertion. Yet, strange to tell, this active principle is still without a name. Being wholly ignorant of any term by which it might with propriety be designated, I take the liberty of describing it from its operations, as a *propensity to magnify the idea of self* ; thus distinguishing it from selfishness, and from self-love, with one or other of which it has been usually, though, as I conceive, improperly confounded.

‘ In order to give a clear view of the notions I have formed of the appropriate meaning of those several terms, it is necessary to state, that I consider *self-love* as implying simply *the desire of happiness* ; a desire which we may observe to be regulated and controlled by the intellectual powers, and consequently, as to the nature of its operations, dependant on the direction given to the power of attention. In the minds of those whose attention has been exclusively occupied by mean, or trifling, or unworthy objects, the desire of happiness will impel to gratifications of the same description : Where nobler objects have engaged the attention, the same principle of self-love will, to the mind thus enlightened, prove a powerful incentive to the steady acquisition of knowledge and the practice of virtue.

‘ Selfishness, on the other hand, I consider as an inordinate desire of self-gratification, not dependant on the operation of the intellectual faculties for the character it assumes, but originating in associations that connect the idea of happiness with appropriating the objects that appear desirable to the heart, and thus obtaining enjoyment in which none can participate, and in which none can sympathize. But, according to this definition, selfishness appears in some measure dependant on attention ; the association above described being evidently formed

by habitual attention to our own feelings and sensations, and habitual inattention to the feelings and sensations of others. In this it is radically different from the propensity to enlarge the idea of self, which depends not on any peculiar direction of attention for its development : and this is the characteristic by which I consider it to be manifestly distinguished from all the desires and affections of the human mind.'

We have in vain endeavoured to understand by this definition, or by what follows it, any thing more than that the propensity to magnify the idea of self is the active operation of the *self-love* which Mrs. Hamilton considers as simply implying the desire of happiness—its step into performance ; just as we consider *selfishness* a certain modification of it. With the highest respect for her talents and discrimination, we cannot help suggesting that, in her own character, she exhibits a little of the said propensity, by connecting the idea of self with the honours of discovery. If, without a single claim of this kind, these essays had been announced as endeavours to display the extreme importance of exciting, and directing attention, and to detect the endless disguise and assumption of self-love, the world might have received them with great pleasure and benefit, but without the slightest suspicion that they were written to exemplify principles that were previously unknown. The omission of nearly the whole of the introduction, and about half a dozen pages of the substance, would have effected this, and have preserved the soul of the book at the same time. For our own part, the little more we have to observe, we shall deliver as if the agency of attention, and the operation of self-love, were not unknown to our readers, but as if it were, notwithstanding, very possibly to quicken their apprehension, both as to the value of the one, and the subtlety of the other.

We have before intimated that Mrs. Hamilton is very apt at illustration, and the manner in which she has exhibited the universal usurpation of self is an extraordinary proof of it. There is scarcely a mode or form of human existence that she has not considered with a spirit and a freedom which prove that she possesses, in the highest degree, not only the noble faculty of thinking for herself, but the courage to display it. As this part of the work affords, by far, the fairest specimen of the kind of ability which is more peculiarly her own, we select from it the following passage as strikingly allusive to facts, and consequences, which have lately operated considerably on the destinies of mankind.

* Some of the pernicious consequences resulting from this monstrous attempt to absorb the powers and faculties of millions, in the operations of one individual mind, cannot be too forcibly urged on the attention. The propensity to magnify the idea of self, appears indeed to have been the prime agent in the revolutions of empires. By the universality of its operations have the few, in all ages of the world, and under every form of government, been enabled to controul or subjugate the wills of the many : and in proportion as he who holds the supreme power in the state, is freed from the restraint which acknowledged laws impose on his ambition, will the desire of enlarging the idea of self be gratified. But the more inordinate this desire, and the more completely it is indulged, the more certainly does he destroy the means of its future gratification. In order to explain this seeming paradox, let it be observed, that the conqueror of an empire, and of the liberties of a people, extends the idea of self throughout the whole of the dynasty which he has established. In his desire of procuring to himself the gratification arising from the assurance of enjoying the power of subjecting the wills of millions to his will, he imposes a restraint on the exercise of the rational faculties in the minds of his subjects, by chaining their attention to a certain number of objects, or to objects of a certain class. It is, from the nature of the human mind, impossible, that this limited exercise of attention should not diminish the operation of intellect, and prove destructive of the mental energies ; And as it is on these, that all the circumstances which constitute the greatness or the glory of nations ultimately depend, he thus destroys that by which the idea of self had been magnified in his breast. For, viewing all the wealth, grandeur, and power, produced by the industry, wisdom, taste, and valour of the people, as connected with the idea of self, there can be no doubt of the degree in which these circumstances must have tended to augment that idea ; nor can there be any question, that, in proportion as those sources of his glory diminish, the idea of self must suffer diminution.

‘ Of the mortification he experiences, we may form a just conception, by observing with what anxiety he endeavours to obviate the evil. It is his will that the nation he governs should maintain a superiority over rival nations ; that it should be enriched by commerce and manufactures, be rendered plentiful by agriculture, and distinguished by the productions of genius in literature and the arts. But in order to magnify the idea of self, it is necessary that all this should be effected by his own individual mind. He therefore gives laws to commerce ; prescribes rules to the manufacturer ; issues edicts to the agriculturist ; and points to science and literature the particular path in which he chuses them to proceed. And, though he finds by experience that all his labours are fruitless, and all his efforts vain, he perseveres in acting as if it were impossible, that, having made property of all the intellectual powers of his subjects, they should fail to operate through the medium of his single mind, as effectually as they would have operated in the minds of millions, where the ideas of each would, by communication, have tended to augment the aggregate of capacity and intelligence.

‘Meanwhile, the nation thus governed sinks into contempt; and the sovereign who has gloried in absorbing all the mass of mind in the idea of self, finds, when too late, that the people he has degraded are no longer capable of supporting his throne. Thus has the end of all dynasties, established in despotism, been facilitated by the inordinate gratification of the desire to magnify the idea of self.

‘But perhaps it may be objected, that it is in the lower orders of the people only, that the mental energies are extinguished by arbitrary government. Let us, however, trust to our observation, and we shall quickly perceive, that the evil is by no means confined to the inferior classes. Wherever the monarch enjoys unlimited power, it is the highest privilege of the privileged classes, to be permitted to identify themselves with their sovereign lord. According as this can be effected, the idea of self expands; and, completely satisfied with this gratification, they willingly sacrifice all those powers of the understanding of which they are prohibited the exercise. It is their glory to adopt the tastes and opinions which prevail in the court with which they connect the idea of self. Their attention is thus directed to objects, which afford not any exercise to the noblest faculties of the mind. These, of consequence, become incapable of exertion. And thus, by the nature of the objects through which they seek to extend the idea of self, do the upper ranks, in all arbitrary states, degenerate into a race of puny triflers, from which nothing great or noble is to be expected. Are we surprised, that minds so formed should shrink in the hour of trial, and be ready to betray the interests of their monarch, as soon as his falling fortunes renders him no longer an object wherewith they can connect the idea of self, without experiencing a sensible mortification? Alas! such conduct has too often occurred to appear extraordinary to those in the least acquainted with the history of the rise and fall of empires. Still, however, we are so apt to sympathize in the feelings of those who have, by whatever means, obtained pre-eminence, that the pernicious effects resulting to the people, from the exercise of arbitrary power, seems to be compensated by the happiness enjoyed by the individual whom fortune has placed on the pinnacle of greatness.’

Mrs. Hamilton more than hints that in self love, or, what she terms, the propensity to magnify the idea of self, she has detected the corrupt principle of human nature—the root of all evil. In this respect she exceeds Rochefoucault, who deemed it only the foundation of all action, good or bad. We suspect that his view of it is the most philosophical of the two; for we are of opinion, and we pretend to no originality, that quite as large a book as the one we are considering, might be filled with instances that would prove it the connecting link between man and man, the source of the social affections, and the fountain of all impulse. We are surprised that Mrs. Hamilton has not been led to pause upon the severity of her

own conclusion, as, in the following passage, she has evidently indulged a train of thought that should have induced her to reconsider it.

‘ If, in the mind of the rich man, the idea of self is expanded by connecting it with all the personal and mental qualities of the human beings subject to his controul, or whose labour he can purchase, we shall find, that those who labour for him, or attend his person, or supply his wants, fail not to identify themselves with him. His greatness becomes their greatness : Their personal consequence keeps pace with his. In the menial tribe, the less they have to do, the more is the price at which they purchase this enlargement of the idea of self, kept out of sight. If completely idle, the price is almost forgotten ; and, consequently, the more useless they are, the more does the selfish principle triumph. This is a great source of evil in the servile state, and one that does not attach to any of the modes of industry. The tradesman or artificer, if proud of his success, is proud of something to which he has himself contributed. He extends the idea of self to his inventions and his labours, and glories in his skill and industry, independently of the pecuniary advantages derived from them. But if his employment ministers to the luxuries, not the necessities of life, his customers will be chiefly of a certain rank ; and on their rank we shall find him valuing himself so evidently, as to afford a convincing proof, that he connects the idea of self with all the princes or nobles who happen to employ him. This species of vanity is extremely amusing, from the contrast between the actual situation of the person and the opinion he entertains of his own importance ; and has offered some fine strokes of satire to the most eminent of our dramatic poets. It is, however, upon the whole, consolatory to observe, that the same propensity which produces so many of the crimes and miseries of human life, affords a support to the spirit under every variety of adverse fortune. Were, indeed, the opinion which we cherish of our own importance to be governed by sympathy with the opinion of others, misery and despair would be the portion of the greater part of mankind.

‘ Except in those rare instances where the mind has been so much elevated by the sentiments of pure religion, as to regard with indifference all that interferes not with the favour of God, life would become utterly insupportable to the poor and the despised. But even where religion has failed to produce this degree of fortitude, we find that, in situations the most wretched, life is not only clung to from an abhorrence of death, but from a sense of enjoyment. In many instances this can only be accounted for, by a consideration of the activity of that principle whose operations I have been endeavouring to describe.

‘ There are few situations so abject as not to afford a something wherewith to connect the idea of self, and to expand that idea : Few who have passed life, without being noticed or employed by their superiors. Few who have not, at some period, found themselves necessary or useful to others ; or who have not had sufficient power of doing injury to make themselves feared ; or who have not had some bond of con-

nexion with persons possessed of that power. Even when these circumstances no longer exist, the recollection of them will suffice to give such a degree of self-consequence as illumines the dark abode of misery. It is happy for society where pains has been taken to attach this idea of self to character ; but, in some respects, happy for the individual, that it can be attached to circumstances with which he is so slightly connected, that the connexion escapes all observation but his own.

‘ What great struggles have we seen made by poor women, sinking under the burden of age, sickness, and poverty, in order to preserve the wretched remnants of furniture which still enabled them to have a place to creep into which they could call their own ! The idea of independence they could not cherish, for without assistance they must have perished ; but with the idea of these little articles of property the idea of self is so strongly associated, that rather than part with them in order to be received into their parish work-house, they would submit to deprivations, of which none but those who are intimately acquainted with the situation of the poor in great cities can form any adequate notion.’

Whether the operations of self love are altogether, or only partially evil, every one will agree that a due cultivation of the benevolent affections is necessary to controul and regulate them ; and accordingly, in her final essay, Mrs. Hamilton treats of the means by which they are developed. We have not left ourselves an opportunity to enter into the merits of this investigation. The primary object is to shew the propriety of cultivating the affections in the same manner as the intellectual powers, by a judicious direction of attention to the objects of sympathy. The evil of doing this negligently, and partially, she, as usual, illustrates by its effects ; displaying, with great acuteness, the inefficacy of sympathy, when excited through the medium of imagination only—the mischief produced by ill directed efforts of benevolence—false sentiment—exclusive tenderness to animals, or objects of any particular class—and various other consequences arising from the same cause. The general conclusion is, that owing to the *selfish principle*, the means provided by nature are inadequate to the purpose for which they were given. It is scarcely necessary to add, that we differ from this inference altogether. We do not like to see nature abused, for by nature we can understand nothing but the author of it. Mrs. Hamilton calls the same thing Nature and Providence, talks of means which it has appointed, and then terms them inadequate. Of the assistance afforded by divine revelation to a conquest over self, every one must be convinced, who considers universal sympathy as the origin and soul of it. But to prove

this, it is quite unnecessary that we should confound our natural perceptions of good and evil, and refine away all that is praiseworthy in unaided man. That heretical virtue is splendid sin, was the doctrine of the Jesuits; and if they had hit on the clue of Mrs. Hamilton they would not have failed to prove that Socrates lived, and that Regulus died for *self*. The Jesuits have ceased to exist, and, we trust, the same fate will attend their casuistry and opinions.

It will be seen by what we have stated, that Mrs. Hamilton has neither selected a common subject, nor treated it in a common manner. To those who may think she has stepped out of her life, she very justly observes, that she has not yet been convinced that there is any subject within the range of human intellect, on which the capacity of any intelligent being, of either sex, may not be profitably, or, at least, innocently employed. We are entirely of her opinion; and fully satisfied that as to have *men*, we must have *women*, the existence of such females as herself is at once honourable to the one sex, and beneficial to the other.

ART. II.—*Chevy Chase, a Poem*. Founded on the ancient Ballad. Quarto, pp. 108. 12s. Cadell and Davies, 1813.

Two distinct requisites concur to the production of poetry; the faculty of poetical conception—the power of poetry; and the art of expression or versification—the means by which this power is exerted and manifested. These requisites, though practically mingled, are, in theory, sufficiently distinct. The first constitutes the poet, the second enables him to write poetry. It is obvious, that a total absence of the art would render the genius perfectly unproductive; while, on the other hand, the perfection of the art, without the animating principle of the genius, may afford that inverted tinkling prose denominated verse, but can never terminate in the production of poetry.

It rarely happens, that the possessor of poetical genius is wholly destitute of the art of numbers; but it very often happens, and especially in modern times, that excellent versifiers are wholly destitute of poetical genius. Almost every poet can versify his conceptions; but numberless versifiers are unable to impregnate their streams with the slightest tincture of poetry.

A mere versifier may describe poetical subjects, and he may express his feelings and ideas in good verses; he may adopt the theme and the dialect of poets; he may equip him-

self with their arms, and enlist in their warfare ; but he never will speak with the tongue, or fight with the force of a poet. As it is not the original impulse of his own genius, but the example of some preceding writer, which produces the efforts of the mere versifier, he is always found to copy and imitate some standard poet : his highest attainment will be a correct imitation of the external appearance, the gait, dress, and manner of his model, without the intellectual peculiarity which animates that manner, and is the true poetical characteristic of the writer to whom it belongs. The imitation will resemble the mimicry of Pitt and Fox by a mountebank who retails his own buffoonery with their tone and gestures. Attaining the mode, but devoid of the power, he may amuse our ears with verse, but can never elevate our souls by poetry.

Poetical genius originally produced the art of numbers, and before this art had attained complete maturity and general diffusion, it was, exclusively, consecrated to the service of the power which produced it. In ancient times the art was neither fully matured nor generally understood ; and accordingly was cultivated only by poets who alone required its assistance. But, in these days, the art has attained such a degree of mechanical and systematical perfection, that its rules can be learned, and its practice acquired by every young man, however destitute of poetical genius, who is provided with liberal opportunities, and capable of ordinary patience and application. So far is the art of versification from being considered as the exclusive vehicle of poetry, that, for many years, it has been employed in all the great seminaries of England, as the necessary vehicle of the stupid and puerile or borrowed conceptions, by which every doltish dandiprat is forced to atone for his delinquencies. So simple and so mechanical is that art now considered, which was formerly the exclusive exercise of poets, and is still the arms and implements of poetry !

It is obvious, *a priori*, that this general and indiscriminate diffusion of the art of poetical warfare, should be attended with the injurious effect of disposing many of our youth to tempt the fortunes of the field of poetry, whom the impulse of poetical genius would never have carried to this service, and whose exertions this impulse will never inspire. Has this consequence actually ensued ? and can it be considered as injurious ? Who, that has culled the oceans of ink that have been spilt, and the

expanses of paper that have been wasted without accession to the pleasure or profit of the world, will deny that this consequence has been produced? And who, that considers the time and labour that men of talents and taste have transferred from nobler pursuits to the paltry employment of translating sense or nonsense, from plain into inverted prose, will hesitate to admit that this consequence has been injurious?

Before proceeding to apply these observations to the production, whose merits have called them forth, we must be permitted to state another effect which has resulted from the maturation and diffusion of the art of numbers. Some degree of this art, as we have already observed, is necessary to the production of poetry; but the requisite degree has varied in different ages. The improvement of the art of versification, which increases the pleasure afforded by poetry, renders it necessary that modern poets should bestow on their productions a degree of polish which ancient poets, without avoiding, disdained to seek. Hence arises a new requisite to the estimation of poetical productions, which is not the offspring of poetical genius; and in which, of course, the true poet may be rivalled, and even excelled by the studious and disciplined versifier. It is the more likely that he will be excelled in versification, because it is to him a subordinate object, and, compared with the sentiments and images he means to express, only *un esclave qui ne doit qu'obéir*: whereas, with the mere versifier, it is a primary object, which, unless he attain, he has no merit; and as he is never distracted between regard to his sentiments and attention to his numbers, he is both enabled and compelled to spend his utmost efforts in cultivating his versification. The fiery spirit of a genuine Pegasus is subjected with difficulty to the artificial rules of the poetical *manège*; but the languor and imbecility of the spurious steeds, on which the mere versifiers are mounted, render them more apt and docile. Hence the versifier is adapted to a more perfect acquisition of the rules of his art, and a more perfect subservience to them than the genuine poet is necessitated or willing to attain; and thus, in modern times, the art of poetry is improved by persons who were unworthy to practise it, and poets are obliged to double their assiduity, in order to contend with competitors wholly devoid of poetry. This innovation has the obvious tendency of exalting, in the scale of poetical estimation, the second, and truly inferior, requisite of poetry—the art of expression or versification.

The public ear having once tasted the pleasure of refined numbers, in conjunction with good poetry, can no longer dispense with this pleasing accompaniment, which insensibly attains the reputed, not the real, merit of an essential element of poetry : and young gentlemen and good scholars, finding themselves capable of producing verses, as well, or perhaps better constructed, than those of poets of acknowledged merit, are induced to believe, that they have produced as good, or, perhaps, better poetry than the objects of their imitation ; and that, at least, in one department of poetry, they have equalled, or exceeded, true poets. But versification is not a department of poetry. It is merely the art of employing poetry, and an art, which, employed for any other purpose, is, at best, but useless and trifling.

It cannot be too often inculcated, that the most slender acquaintance with the art of numbers, combined with the energy of poetical genius, is sufficient to constitute poetical excellence ; while the mere perfection of the art is insufficient for the production even of poetry of the lowest order. The judicious arrangement of billets of wood, on a triumphal pile, may form, of itself, a pretty mechanical construction ; and, if the flame be communicated, will facilitate its progress. But the most approved arrangement will effect no more than the useless gew-gaw disposition of and unprofitable *caput mortuum*, if the kindling spark be withheld. Hercules, armed with the club of a rustic, is still a hero. Paris, though enveloped in the armour of Achilles, is no more than a gay gallant. The most exquisite and tasteful versification, even though brightened by all the colours that run little short of poetical genius can bestow — powers, perhaps, equally dignified, and, in the applications that properly belong to them, more useful than the power of poetry, but differing from it—if not animated by the true and genuine ray of poetry, can rank no higher than as specimens of polished and inverted prose.

The verses written by a late eminent statesman afford the best example of that imitation of poetry, which cultivated taste, and every talent, except the talent of poetry, can produce. This distinguished personage wielded powers, which, though unsuccessful in many departments, were contemptible in none. His productions in verse approach as nearly to poetry, as powers, not poetical, can approach.

Of this description are the powers which the author of the piece now before us appears to have excited ; and, accordingly, the general character of his production, is that which we have been attempting to delineate. To great power of observation, and an elegant and highly cultivated taste, he unites a familiar acquaintance and judicious appreciation of the diction appropriated to poetry, with a sound judgment, that has forsaken him only when he adopted the rash resolve of publishing his verses. His present production, accordingly, contains hardly one weak, and not one silly line. But his labour has not terminated in the production of poetry ; nor has he afforded us the slightest reason to hope that any future exertion he may make, will be more successful.

The subject of this production is the hunt and fight celebrated in the ancient and well-known ballad of " Chevy Chase," now presented in a paraphrastic translation into modern English verse. Dryden and Pope are the only two English poets who have succeeded in the attempt of translating and new modelling in this manner, the rude productions of older bards. The Fables of Dryden bear the closest analogy to the plan pursued by this author, who, with more merit than we can allow him to possess, would suffer by the comparison that will naturally be made between his neat, but tame and timorous translation of " Chevy Chase," and the glowing amplification, the original, but consistent excursion, and the splendid description that characterize the paraphrases of Chaucer and Boccaccio.

On the particular merits of a production on this plan, and with this general character, we have neither time nor inclination to expatiate. A very few passages are pretty and excite expectations of excellence, which are not realized, and which, we must reluctantly declare, the author seems incapable of realizing. Even these blossoms which we admit are pretty, and praise as such, lose half their merit when they are known to be the ultimate fruits of the piece, and not, as they ought to be, precursive indications of higher and more valuable excellence. The opening stanzas exhibit the most favourable specimen of the author's powers, and a pretty imitation of the manner of Walter Scott.

' O'er covert green and tufted oak,
The first faint beam of morning broke

On ev'ry vale and woodland dell,
 It's dewy lustre softly fell ;
 And startled at the glimpse of dawn,
 The fleet hart bounded o'er the lawn,
 'Midst thorny brake and tangled bower,
 To linger till the ev'ning hour.
 But yellow broom and holly green,
 Not long shall shelter him I ween,
 Beneath their shadows cool and dark,
 From the hoarse stag-hound's echoing bark,
 That soon with clam'rous note shall rouse
 The herald red-deer as they browse,
 Or at these clear streams drink their fill,
 That murmur down the Cheviot Hill.

' On Alnwick's walls the day beams shone,
 And massy turrets ivy grown ;
 Yet, through the casement's narrow space,
 Scarce stole one faint and early trace,
 Athwart that mighty depth of wall,
 To light the gloom of Percy's hall.'

These, and a few other stanzas of nearly equal, certainly not greater, merit, are the best in the piece ; and can be regarded only as the vestibules of a poem—passages that ought to conduct to something more splendid and lofty. Considered as such, they are not destitute of merit ; but they conduct only to lengthened displays of that mediocrity of character, which, in poetry, "*nec homines, nec dii, nec concessere columnæ.*"

Before dismissing this article, we take the liberty of assuring the author of "Chevy Chase," that we have been the more forward to express our opinion of his production, from a conviction we entertain, that his talents and attainments are of no ordinary class ; and, from a hope, that, by the admonitions of his own good sense, prompted by this our earnest remonstrance, he may be induced to refrain from versification, and exert himself, in future, in some province better calculated to display his abilities, and reward his exertions. Let him not be disheartened because he has failed where many distinguished predecessors have been unable to succeed ; nor let him be encouraged to repetition of his temerity, because his failure is not greater than has befallen men of distinguished genius. The reputation which a great man has previously acquired in departments very different from poetry, will create an interest in his poetical essays, which their own intrinsic merits would never have procured them ; and, having already signalized

himself in one province, he will readily be pardoned for failing in another. But the indulgence granted to adventurers of this description, can never be extended to the author of "*Chevy Chase*," whose essays, having no such adventitious claims to favour, must depend, for their reception, on their own merits; and who has failed in the only department in which, so far as we know, he has ever attempted to signalize himself. We are willing to contribute to his consolation, by suggesting to him, that the very causes which have exposed him to our displeasure, would infallibly have secured him the special favor and countenance of no less a sage than Plato, and might have recommended him to distinguished preferment in the ideal commonwealth of that philosopher. Plato professed a dread of the malignant effects of poetical genius; but while he sedulously excluded it from his republic, he consented to preserve the art of numbers, which, he thought, communicated majesty to language, and assisted the memory while it delighted the ear. We leave our author to enjoy all the pleasure he can derive from reflecting, that, though exiled from the republic of poets, he would have found shelter and protection within the ideal commonwealth of Plato. If he should disregard, as probably he will, our friendly admonition, and persist in the attempt of storming the heights of Parnassus, we would suggest a piece of counsel, relative to the particular application of exertions, which, though unsuccessful, will never be contemptible. If he will persist in versifying, we counsel him to confine his attempts to the production of that versified logic and ethics, which, of late years, has often claimed the character of poetry, and, in some instances, obtained it from a considerable proportion of readers.

ART. III. — *Memoirs of Algernon Sydney*. By George Wilson Meadley. With an Appendix. Octavo, pp. 400. 12s. Cradock and Joy, 1813.

HISTORY is the record of events disposed into a regular series; and their application to the human character is what we call the philosophy of history. In the composition of biographical writing, both of these ingredients are absolutely necessary. Where the latter is wanting, the narrative becomes dull and uninteresting: for, to what purpose is it to tell us that a man was born and died at such a period and place; that he removed into such and such

situations, was engaged in such and such actions and pursuits, if these events did not influence his character, and produce some consequences beneficial to society. The world is inundated with books ; and, in the different departments of literature, none has been more prolific than the class of biography. If the subject be well chosen, the facts faithfully related, and these be of sufficient importance to interest the public, perhaps no species of writing is better calculated to entertain and instruct society. It may be observed, however, that we have a multitude of lives, the suppression of which would have occasioned no injury to mankind, nor loss of credit to the writers. An exception to this remark may be made in favour of some interesting narratives that have appeared of late years, and will probably survive in the estimation of posterity. The lives of a Hutchinson, a Penn, and a Knox, were too fruitful in incident, and too much connected with public affairs, not to interest mankind, and excite a considerable proportion of the public attention. Another hero of that pregnant period, the commonwealth, is now brought to our notice ; not, indeed, under circumstances equally auspicious with those just mentioned ; but still, with a sufficient claim to be admitted into the libraries of those who are interested in the political welfare of our country.

Mr. Meadley is not altogether unknown as a writer of biography. His *Memoirs of Paley* have been sometime before the world ; and, although that production cannot be placed in the higher class of compositions, yet it possesses sufficient merit to secure it a candid reception from the admirers of Paley. In the present undertaking, Mr. Meadley has more ample scope for the exercise of his talents, inasmuch as he has chosen a more perfect character for his model. When we say this, we mean no disparagement to Paley, beyond the evidence of his own writings. That he possessed a strength of mind, and amiability of temper, that fitted him both to instruct and to please, must be readily granted ; but his warmest friends will not deny that there was a certain tortuousness of principle, and an accommodation to circumstances, discernable both in his conduct and writings, which can never be reconciled with that integrity of mind which should constitute the basis of human actions. No such exception attaches to the character of Algernon Sydney. A patriot in his youth, he is still a patriot in his riper years ; and the same unbending integrity is discoverable from his cradle to the block that terminated his existence.

Sydney was destined to act his part upon the great theatre, at an eventful period. The political horizon of Great Britain was then overcast with dense clouds, which burst with a tremendous explosion. In the dreadful contest, the elements of the constitution became dissolved, and the unfortunate monarch perished in the common ruin. Disposed as we are to condemn the vices of Charles's government, yet we cannot help dropping a tear of pity, over that hard fate which impelled him to his destruction. The errors of his government were many of them not his own, and the seeds of that mis-rule which he obstinately persevered in, were sown at an antecedent period. Of all contentions, those which are raised upon the score of religion, are usually attended with the greatest animosity. That great, but haughty princess Elizabeth, had conceived the extravagant idea of bringing all her subjects under one uniform mode of faith. Had she been less under the dominion of educational prejudices, and had she learnt from the wise counsels of a Burleigh, a Bacon, and a Walsingham, the true constitution of the human mind, she would never have dreamt of a corporeal application to relieve a mental malady. In order to drill her subjects into a conformity to her own religion, she constituted her bishops petty tyrants, and clothed the ecclesiastical courts with all the terror of the inquisition. This impolitic conduct greatly weakened the state, in as much, as it created in the nation two powerful parties, which took every opportunity of mortifying and retaliating upon each other. This was the state of things when James I. ascended the English throne. The bishops had fearful apprehensions of a Presbyterian king, and how to dispel the Scotch mist was the subject of their most earnest solicitude. They were not such court novices as not to know that flattery is a powerful drug when operating upon weak minds, nor did they neglect to apply sufficient doses till its fumes produced the desired effect. James had fed long enough upon the husks of Egypt, and looked forward to the land of corn and wine with extravagant delight. As soon as he crossed the Tweed he exhibited the cloven foot, which the severity of Knox's discipline had obliged him to conceal. The embers of discontent, that had been kindled in the late reign by the oppressions of the clergy, and the powerful eloquence of a Wentworth and a Morrice, continued to spread under James's government, notwithstanding the tyrannical measures adopted to smother them. The cause of the Puritans began to be identified with the cause of

liberty; and that which had been at first only a religious contention, now put on a political aspect. The tyranny of James, which the clergy assisted him to rivet, produced loud complaints. By the maxims—that subjects are made for kings—that none can dispute the kingly power—and that the regal prerogative is above the controul of law,—James framed his own government, and carefully formed the mind of his successor. The crooked principles of Charles's government were, therefore, hereditary; and his father may be said to have erected the scaffold upon which he suffered. Elizabeth and James had stretched the prerogative to a sufficient extent, but it was in the reign of Charles that it attained its full growth. To oppose this the nation arrayed itself against the sovereign, who sunk in the conflict. In these tempestuous times, Sydney was called upon to take an active part; how he acquitted himself will be seen in the sequel.

Algernon Sydney was the second son of Robert, the second Earl of Leicester, and grand nephew to the accomplished Sir Philip Sydney. With an education suited to the exalted station of his father, he discovered early marks of those superior talents which afterwards distinguished him. Being destined for the army, he obtained the command of a troop in Ireland, in his nineteenth year. The rebellion had just broken out in that unhappy country, where the zeal and resolution displayed by Sydney in repressing the insurgents, provoked the resentment of the court faction, and obliged him to return home. It seems that, for a short time, probably under the influence of his father, he attached himself to the royal cause; but the distrust and jealousy of the king soon produced alienation. Henceforward, he went heartily into the cause of the parliament, and adhered to it with the most inflexible constancy. May 10, 1644, he was appointed captain of a troop of horse in the army of the Earl of Manchester; and, in the course of a few weeks, rose to the rank of lieutenant colonel. In the battle of Marston Moor, he was severely wounded, and almost within the power of the enemy; but was rescued by the heroism of a soldier of Cromwell's regiment, whose name he could never learn. After this, he sat in parliament for the borough of Cardiff. When the king's obstinacy and insincerity had determined the army to bring him to trial, Sydney was appointed one of the commissioners to sit in judgment upon him, and occasionally attended the earlier proceedings of the court. ' Having so far sanctioned the great principle of making rulers responsible for misconduct,

he declined any further attendance, not choosing, it is thought, to trample on a fallen foe.' On the 22d of January, therefore, he went to his father's seat at Penshurst, and remained there till the 29th, when sentence had been pronounced, and the warrant signed for the king's execution. 'But though Sydney had so little share in this proceeding,' observes his biographer, 'he certainly approved the sentence of the court, as an important lesson to all future tyrants, and an awful example of retributive justice. He regarded, indeed, the right of resisting oppression, as essential to the general safety, in all societies upheld by law; for when the ways prescribed by public authority cannot be resorted to, men may justly defend themselves against injustice by their own natural right. He deemed it impious to think that one who had added treachery to his other crimes, and usurped a power above the law, should be protected by the enormity of his wickedness, from the punishment inflicted on inferior delinquents.' The author's reflections upon this extraordinary event are spirited and just:

'It is neither intended to deny,' says he, 'nor yet to palliate the irregularities which took place at this unprecedented trial; much less to triumph in the fate of a mis-guided prince, thus solemnly called to an account. But the chief actors in this tragedy should be rescued from ill-founded blame, and their motives cleared, as well from the charge of selfishness and malignity, as from the undue bias of external force. The influence which Cromwell had already obtained, when taken in connection with his subsequent aggrandizement, has led to a very general opinion, that the death of Charles was procured by his predominant authority, to make way for the accomplishment of his designs. This opinion, however, though sanctioned by many eminent writers, seems to have been rather hastily adopted, even as it applies to the interference of the army, in which, being absent, he had actually borne no part. Admitting that the aspiring general was already looking forward to the throne, and anxious to destroy a rival claimant, his too active interposition might have awakened unfavourable suspicions. Sincere and ardent republicans, of which the court was in a great measure composed, were ill calculated to receive his mandates, or to act in obedience to his will. The silence of Ludlow, and the explicit testimony of Mrs. Hutchinson, that neither force nor persuasion were resorted to, seem decisive in repelling the suspicion; and it is further discountenanced by the conduct of numbers, who, through life, maintained the justice of the deed, and of some who proudly exulted in their share of it, in the last extremity of a cruel fate. Actuated throughout by the most ardent enthusiasm, they considered themselves called upon, by every moral and religious duty, to execute justice on the author of so many calamities. Conceiving the king still bent on the ruin of his opponents,

in any favourable change of fortune, they regarded themselves as responsible for all the mischiefs which might ensue from his escape; and although fully aware of the danger of thus highly exasperating his party, they allowed no personal considerations to deter them from their bold design.—The propriety of this whole proceeding may, indeed, be fairly questioned by all, who, reflecting coolly on the prepossessions and feelings of mankind, are aware of the imprudence of disregarding them, and of the mischievous effects of a re-action where extreme measures are pursued. Yet it was surely more dignified to arraign and punish the deposed king in the face of the whole nation, than to resort to any of those secret means of destruction so often practised on the rulers of despotic states. For the representatives of a people thus solemnly requiring judgment on their former sovereign, no precedents, perhaps, could be strictly adduced: but the presumed sanctity of a crowned head had been as notoriously, and far more grossly, violated by Queen Elizabeth, in the trial and execution of the Queen of Scots.

To return to the events of Sydney's life, after the death of the king, he continued to attend his duty in parliament; but we meet with no remarkable incident, till Cromwell, resolving to assume the sovereign power, forcibly dissolved the parliament. 'When this daring measure was carried into execution, on the 19th of April 1653, Sydney was seated next the speaker, on the right hand; and being ordered by Harrison, at Cromwell's instance, to go out, he peremptorily refused to quit his place. Cromwell, therefore, was obliged to repeat the command, and his agents, laying their hands on Sydney's shoulders to enforce it, he rose and went towards the door.' The hostility which Sydney felt towards Cromwell's government, induced him to retire first to the family seat at Penshurst, and afterwards to the Hague, where he cultivated an acquaintance with the pensionary De Witt. 'In the enlightened views of this patriot statesman, Sydney could not fail to recognize the true model of republican policy, as practised in the best ages of Greece and Rome; and to admire the man, in whom every selfish consideration appeared to have been absorbed, in his affection to his country, and his attachment to the public weal.' After his return from Holland, Sydney resided principally at Penshurst, and employed himself in literary pursuits. He abstained from any interference in public affairs till the restoration of the long parliament, May 7, 1659, when he resumed his seat, and concurred heartily in their first resolution, to secure the liberty and property of the people, 'without the government of a single person, kingship, or a House of Lords.' He also resumed

his seat in the council of state, and was appointed one of the commissioners to mediate a peace between Denmark and Sweden. Of his conduct in the progress of his negotiation, Mr. Meadley has given a minute, and rather diffusive account. It was during his absence at Stockholm, that Charles II. re-assumed the throne of his ancestors;—an event that was by no means palatable to our republican hero. ‘The restoration of royalty in England,’ says Mr. Meadley, ‘was an event not less repugnant to Sydney’s feelings, than injurious to his prospects in life. It had placed the administration of government in the hands of men with whom he held no common principles, and it destroyed his ardent hopes of establishing the liberties of his country on a permanent basis. He remained, therefore, in a state of great uncertainty, till circumstances should more clearly explain the character of the rulers, and the situation of those, who, like himself, had borne a leading share in the service of the commonwealth.’ Sydney’s doubts were soon cleared up by the conduct of Monk, and he determined to remain abroad.

SANCTUS AMOR PATRIÆ DAT ANIMUM,

was the motto which Sydney bore upon his banner; and he exemplified it in all the vicissitudes of his life. Having steadily defended the cause of his country, and asserted its liberties, he saw no reason to repent of any part of his conduct; he was, therefore, determined still to preserve his independence; and preferred a virtuous exile to a base compliance with the humours of a profligate court. The same ardent love of liberty dictated the following sentiment, which he wrote in the *Album* or book of mottos, at Copenhagen, according to a licence granted to noble strangers:

Manus hæc inimica tyrannis

Enses petit placidam sub libertate quietem.

Sydney, after residing some time at Hamburg, at length fixed his abode at Rome, as a retirement the least likely to be invaded by his watchful enemies. The account of his situation and connections in that city is one of the most interesting portions of Mr. Meadley’s volume; and the extracts from Algernon’s correspondence, preserved in the Sydney papers, exhibit, in a striking manner, the sensations of his mind at that period. He thus describes his situation: ‘Here is what I look for, health, quiet and solitude. I am, with some eagerness, fallen to reading, and find so much satis-

faction in it, that, though I every morning see the sun rise, I never go abroad until six or seven of the clock at night; yet cannot I be so sure of my temper, as to know certainly how long this manner of life will please me. I cannot but rejoice a little to find, that, when I wander as a vagabond, through the world, forsaken of my friends, and known only to be a broken limb of a shipwrecked faction, I yet find humanity and civility from those who are in the height of fortune and reputation. But I do also well know, I am in a strange land, how far those civilities do extend, and that they are too airy to feed or clothe a man.' Notwithstanding the resources of a powerful mind, and the variety of new objects which successively engaged his attention, he was still deeply impressed with the ruin of his party, and with a sense of his own misfortunes. Deserted by his country, his family and his friends, defrauded by some, and treated with ingratitude by others, his keenest sensibilities were awakened. The displeasure of his father, above all things, occasioned him the liveliest regret, and he endeavoured to regain his affection by repeated marks of attention and regard. His letters display the anguish of his mind; and shew that the severer virtues, for which alone he has been hitherto renowned, were united to some of the finest feelings of the heart. The cowardly and perfidious conduct of the government at home, in pursuing and sacrificing the friends of liberty, gave Sydney no hopes of escaping, if he came within the reach of his enemies. His private affairs, however, required him to be nearer home, and in 1663, he left Italy for the north of Europe. In his passage through Augsburg, he narrowly escaped assassination; and, when expressing his feelings upon the occasion, he was told by a person who was well acquainted with the character of his persecutors, 'that he was thus distinguished from the rest, because it was known he could not be corrupted.' Sydney now fixed upon France for an asylum, and occasionally visited the capital; but even there his name was formidable to the English court. Charles, indeed, pretended that it was indifferent to him whether Sydney resided at Paris or elsewhere, provided he did not return to England, where his principles, his genius, and his courage might do harm. He, however, soon altered his mind, and required that his victim should return to Languedoc, since he could not be too far from home. 'A stronger instance,' says our biographer, 'of the superiority acquired by consistent virtue, over the mind of an execrable tyrant, cannot easily be

produced: a king of England trembling at the name of an exile, in solitude and want, and invariably speaking of him as a man of ability and courage.' In his intercourse with the ruler of France, Sydney still maintained the lofty tone of independence so congenial to his principles and views. As an illustration of this, his biographer has related a striking anecdote. 'The king of France having taken a fancy to a fine English horse, on which he had seen him mounted at a chase, requested that he would part with it at his own price. On his declining the proposal, the king, determined to take no denial, gave orders to tender him money or to seize the horse. Sydney, on hearing this, instantly took a pistol and shot it, saying, 'that his horse was born a free creature, had served a free man, and should not be mastered by a king of slaves.'

The Earl of Leicester was now fast descending the hill of life, and, being desirous to see his son before he died, succeeded in obtaining a passport for him from the English government; and he arrived in the autumn of 1677. After this, he was permitted to reside in England. When a new parliament was called in 1679, Sydney became a candidate for the borough of Guildford, in Surrey, and was warmly supported by the popular interest; but, by means of 'undue influence,' the court party prevailed. One of his most active partizans upon this occasion was the celebrated William Penn, who endured the buffetings of the court with surprizing constancy. The same plain-hearted Englishman exerted his influence for him upon another occasion at Bramber, in Sussex; but with the like ill-success. The next event of consequence in Sydney's life relates to his connection with Barrillon; and it is attended with a degree of ambiguity which Mr. Meadley has not successfully removed. That our stern patriot received money from the French court seems pretty certain; but it is not equally clear for what purpose he received it. Until some more positive information can be obtained, it will be sufficient to put Sydney's known character in the balance against any conjectures to his advantage. He, that would not part with his horse for a sum of money to 'a king of slaves,' is not likely to have sold the liberties of his country to the same despot.

We now pass to that melancholy catastrophe which deprived the country of one of its most zealous patriots. Notwithstanding the dreadful example held up to tyrants in the fate of the king's father, no man ever carried the prero-

gative to a greater length, or sported more with the liberties of the people, than Charles the second. It is the ill-starred destiny of tyrants to live in constant dread. The sight of a virtuous patriot harrows up the recollections of a guilty conscience, and the thought that such a being exists, operates as a canker to enjoyment. Under a virtuous government, such men as Russell and Sydney would have been counted worthy of double honour; but they were not formed for the medium of a Stuart's reign. To rid itself of persons where virtues had rendered them so formidable, a profligate court was at no loss in finding a pretence. In a period so prolific in plots, which were always discovered in sufficient time to prevent an explosion, it was not difficult to create one that should involve the destruction of these patriots. They were accordingly apprehended, and underwent a mock trial, in order that they might suffer a real death. It was well observed by Sydney, when a committee of the privy council was sent to examine him in the Tower, that 'they seemed to want evidence, and were come to draw it from his own mouth; but they should have nothing from him.' When the forms of justice were so shamefully violated to procure his condemnation, it is no wonder that any intercession to save him was fruitless. He was accordingly beheaded on Tower Hill, December 7, 1683, in the 61st year of his age. The first parliament of king William, in order to do away, as far as was in its power, the foul stigma of this state murder, reversed the unjust sentence, and caused the public record of it to be cancelled. Amongst the vices charged upon patriots in general by the enemies of public liberty, none is so common as that of selfishness. No such imputation, however, can attach to Sydney's character. The purest ages of Greece and Rome did not produce a more perfect patriot. Whether in prosperity or adversity, in his own country or in exile, he was the same uniform consistent man; always the foe of slavery, and the determined friend of his country's freedom. Nor did the circumstance of a violent death at all shake his fortitude. He never cringed to the tyrant, nor shrunk from the fatal blow. When he placed his head upon the block, and was asked by the executioner, as is customary in such cases, whether he would rise again? he intrepidly replied, '*Not till the general resurrection:—Strike on!*'

It is greatly to be regretted that the idea of composing a life of Sydney did not occur to his relatives and contemporaries. The memorials of such a man deserve a more extensive

diffusion than falls to the lot of biographical works in general. They should form a manual for British youth to the latest generation. At this advanced period, Mr. Meadley deserves well of the public for undertaking the task; and if he has laid before us but few new facts; still he has performed an acceptable service in collecting the scattered fragments, and digesting them into a connected series. 'In attempting to supply the obvious desideratum in our national literature,' says he, 'the present writer has spared no pains in his enquiries after new and important facts; and, notwithstanding many disappointments, he trusts that some curious and interesting information will be found to have rewarded his researches.' The Sydney papers, and other records of the times, are the principal sources of information to which he has had recourse; and, in detailing the events of Sydney's life, he has interspersed many just and spirited remarks. Mr. Meadley's style, is upon the whole, manly, and not unsuited to historical writing;—it possesses, however, some blemishes which may be easily corrected. Some of his sentences are involved, and, consequently, obscure. By shortening them sometimes, he would attain to greater perspicuity. He occasionally uses the plural tense to a noun of the singular number, and has some other inaccuracies, which his own good sense will easily discern. There are certain words to which he evinces an unfortunate attachment, and for which others had better be substituted. Of these, the most prominent is the compound *re-action*. The word *dispatch*, coupled two or three times with the Earl of Leicester's departure for Ireland, would induce a suspicion that his Lordship was merely a king's messenger. In a life of three hundred pages, thirty of them are too many to be consumed in extracts from his Discourses on government. No reader of Sydney's life is likely to be without that performance. Perhaps a work of this nature would have been better divided into chapters, or sections: such a method is always an assistance in reading a book. We notice these things in case of a second edition, to which we think the book fairly entitled.

Mr. Meadley discovers the same bold attachment to the cause which distinguished his hero, and freely censures the actions of its opponents. His character of Cromwell is drawn with great discrimination: 'Cromwell,' says he, 'had conducted his schemes of foreign policy with equal vigour and ability, and where his personal interests were not involved, had proved himself favourable to the due

administration of justice and of law. He was the steady and constant friend of religious liberty, and convened his parliaments on a far more adequate scheme of representation than has been practised in any former or succeeding time. But his assumption of power must ever be regarded as a dereliction of all principle, and a flagrant violation of the people's rights; for, however the wisdom and splendour of his government may dazzle for a moment, they can neither justify nor even palliate his usurpation. Enthusiasm, the moving spring of all his early conduct, contributed much to his ultimate success; and the artifice with which he contrived to distract the counsels of those, who, like Sydney, were opposed to his ambition, and to set the religious zealots against the cooler advocates of civil liberty, enabled him to accomplish his designs. But his power terminated with his life, September 3, 1658; and his son Richard, whose character was ill adapted to a public station, though succeeding quickly to the protectorate, was soon obliged to retire. Mr. Meadley dedicates his work to Dr. Disney, who succeeded to the estate of the late Mr. Brand Hollis; and has added an appendix of state papers to confirm and illustrate his work.

ART. IV.—*Mémoires Historiques, Littéraires, et Anecdotiques, du Baron de Grimm, et Diderot, &c.* 2 vols. Octavo. 26s. Colburn, 1813.

ART. V.—*Historical and Literary Memoirs, and Anecdotes*, selected from the correspondence of Baron de Grimm and Diderot, with the Duke of Saxe Gotha, between the years 1770, and 1790.—Translated from the French. 2 vols. Octavo. pp. 1032. 28s. Colburn, 1814.

[Concluded from page 292.]

THESE volumes present a great profusion of that kind of matter which is agreeable to most tastes, and we almost persuade ourselves that a sparing use of our own observations, and a greater intimacy with the work, will be agreeable to the reader.

The death of Voltaire is deplored in a tone that may be expected from a contemporary admirer and associate; those anecdotes of this universal genius which we have already given, are only a few of many related in the correspondence respecting him. An animated account of the eulogies and speeches in the academy, when his successor M. Ducis,

supplied his vacancy, is highly interesting, but too long to extract. M. Huber, a self taught artist, who lived with Voltaire eighteen or twenty years, is mentioned by Grimm in terms of great praise. He was a young man of singular turn of mind and peculiar genius, but his patron, whose opinion on such subjects Grimm treats with very little ceremony, decried the artist's pictures as caricatures.—They were executed in a new style, with vast spirit, and were greatly characteristic. He painted a series illustrative of Voltaire's domestic life. The Empress Catharine signified to the painter a wish for these pictures, and for as many more as he could execute. He sent a sketch finished in three days, representing Voltaire looking over, with extacy, the presents he had received from the Empress; but it was not known whether she ever received it; and the artist arrived in Paris with his productions, to solicit a subscription for engraving them. The hero of Ferney had quarrelled with his 'Vandyke' on account of one, which represented 'the Patriarch' rising in the morning. He is painted getting out of bed, and jumping into his breeches,—an action historically true—and dictating to his secretary, who writes at a table near the bed. The picture was stolen by an engraver, who published it with certain gross and stupid verses beneath. The ingenuity of Huber was first displayed by his talent in cutting out. With scissars and a piece of vellum he produced pictures whose subjects and execution, charmed and surprised. He worked with astonishing facility, and had so complete a knack of cutting out the profile of Voltaire, that he could do it with his hands behind him, without looking at it; he could tear a card into an exact likeness of him, and would take a piece of bread, and, presenting it to his dog, make him bite it different ways, turning it about in his mouth, till at length a portrait of 'the Patriarch' was produced. Many exquisite specimens of Huber's remarkable ingenuity are in England.

Of the celebrated Helvetius there is an amusing memoir, which is too long to insert, and cannot be abridged. He died of the gout in his stomach, at fifty-six years of age. Grimm affirms, that if the term 'perfect gentleman' had not existed, it must have been invented in order to apply to Helvetius, for he was the very prototype of that character; just, indulgent, free from ill-humour, without gall, of a perfect equanimity in his intercourse with the world, he possessed eminently all the social virtues, and

he owed them very much to the view which he took of human nature. It appeared to him not more reasonable to be very much disconcerted with a bad man who might happen to cross us in our way, than with a stone out of its proper place. The habit which he had contracted of generalizing his ideas, and of only seeing great results, in rendering him sometimes indifferent to good, rendered him also the most tolerant of men. Yet this tolerance was extended only to the private vices of society, for as to the authors of the public ills, he was for burning and hanging them without mercy. In no case did he love palliatives, and he never failed to recommend the last remedies, consequently the most violent; nor could much be said against his ideas were it not, says Grimm, that it is by no means in every case, very easy to apply them.

A letter from Dr. Franklin, in courtship of Helvetius's widow, has much of the pleasantry which is so agreeable in the lighter productions of the American philosopher.

‘Mortified at the resolution pronounced by you so positively yesterday evening that you would remain single the rest of your life as a compliment due to the memory of your husband, I retired to my chamber. Throwing myself upon my bed, I dreamt that I was dead and was transported to the Elysian Fields. I was asked whether I wished to see any person in particular, to which I replied that I wished to see the philosophers.—There are two who live here at hand in this garden, they are good neighbours and very friendly the one towards the other.—Who are they?—Socrates and Helvetius.—I esteem them both highly, but let me see Helvetius first, because I understand a little French, but not a word of Greek.—I was conducted to him, he received me with much courtesy, having known me, he said, by character, for some time. He asked me a thousand questions relative to the war, to the present state of religion, of liberty, and of the government in France.—“You do not enquire then,” said I, “after your dear friend Madame Helvetius, yet she loves you exceedingly; I was in her company not more than an hour ago.”—“Ah,” said he, “you make me recur to my past happiness which ought to be forgotten, in order to be happy here. For many years I could think of nothing but her, though at length I am somewhat consoled. I have taken another wife the most like her that I could find; *she is not indeed altogether so handsome*, but she has a great fund of wit and good sense, her whole study is to please me. She is at this moment gone to fetch the best nectar and ambrosia to regale me this evening; stay here awhile and you will see her.”—“I perceive,” said I, “that your former friend is more faithful to you, than you are to her; she has had several very good offers but has refused them all. I will confess to you that I love her extremely but she is cruel to me, and rejects me peremptorily for your sake.”—

"I pity you sincerely," said he, "for she is an excellent woman, and has a very good understanding. But do not the Abbé de la Roche, and the Abbé M— visit her?"—"Certainly they do, not one of your friends has dropped her acquaintance."—"If you had gained the Abbé M— with a bribe of good coffee and cream, perhaps you would have succeeded, for he is as deep a reasoner as Saint Thomas; he arranges and methodises his arguments in such a manner that they are irresistible. Or if, by a fine edition of some old classic, you had gained the Abbé de la Roche to speak against you, that would have been still better, as I always observed that when he recommended any thing, my wife had a great inclination to do directly the contrary."—As he finished these words the new Madame Helvetius entered, and I recognized her immediately as my former American friend, *Mrs. Franklin*. I would have reclaimed her, but she answered me coldly: "I was a good wife to you for forty-nine years and four months, nearly half a century; let that content you. I have formed a new connection here which will last to eternity."—Displeased with this refusal of my Eurydice I immediately resolved to quit the ungrateful Shades, and return hither into this fair world again to behold the sun and you. Here then I am, Madam, let us revenge ourselves."

From a pamphlet supposed to be printed at Basle, purporting to be authentic memoirs of Count de Cagliostro, M. de Grimm selects some curious facts. The count had arrived at Paris in the character of a reviewer of Egyptian free-masonry, and restorer to the brethren of the mysteries of Isis and Anubis. He proclaimed to the 'lights of the mighty east,' that they could only labour under a triple vault; that there could be neither more nor less than thirteen proficients; that they ought to be as pure as the rays of the sun, and respected by calumny itself; without wife, mistress, or any other source of indulgence; that they should possess an income of fifty-three thousand livres; with particularly that kind of knowledge rarely united to large revenues; and he announced that he had brought with him the regulations of the order which Cambyzes took in the temple of Apis when he caused sacrifices to be offered to that capricious deity. Madame le Comtesse de Cagliostro played a distinguished part in 'regenerating' her own sex.

'Women, curious to excess, were dejected at not being admitted to those mysteries, and entreated Madame de Cagliostro to initiate them. She very coolly answered the Duchess de T***, who was commissioned to make the first overtures, that when she should have found thirty-six adepts, she would begin her course of magic. On that very day the list was filled up. These were the preliminary conditions.

1st. That each of the initiated should furnish a hundred louis.—

2d. that during nine days she should abstain from all intercourse with her fellow creatures.—3d. that an oath should be taken to submit to every thing—prescribed them. The 17th of August was the grand day. Every woman, on entering was obliged to take off the greater part of her dress, and to put on a white *levite* with a coloured girdle. There were six in black girdles, six in blue, six in scarlet, six in nondescript. They were then conducted into a temple lighted up, surrounded by thirty-six arm chairs covered with black satin. Madame de Cagliostro, arrayed in white, was on a sort of throne, escorted by two tall figures, so artfully arrayed that it was difficult to decide whether they were spectres, men, or women. The light of this room insensibly grew dim, and, when objects could hardly be discovered, the high priestess issued an order to uncover the left leg up to the thigh. After this discipline, she commanded them to raise the right arm, and rest it against the next column. Then two women, each armed with a sword, entered, and receiving from Madame de Cagliostro some silken chains, tied the thirty-six ladies by the arms and legs.

‘The grand priestess then explained to the initiated, that the state in which they then were, was the symbol of that slavery and dependance in which men endeavoured to keep them in society:—“Let us leave them,” she added, “to reduce to order the chaos of their laws; but be it our part to govern opinion, to purify morals, to cultivate wit, to maintain delicacy, to diminish the number of the unfortunate. These cares are quite as important as those of deciding foolish quarrels.”

‘The bands were then united, and certain trials were announced. The candidates were divided into six groups, and each colour was shut up in one of the six apartments which correspond with the temple. It was declared, that those who yielded to the trial should never enter the doors again. Soon after, certain men entered each apartment, and employed every art of seduction. “Neither reasonings, nor sarcasms, nor tears, nor prayers, nor despair, nor promises had any effect, to such a degree do curiosity and a secret hope of sway influence women. All again entered the temple as immaculate as the grand priestess would have desired them.” . . . After a quarter of an hour’s silence, a sort of dome opened, and on a large golden ball descended, a man, naked as Adam, holding in his hand a serpent, and bearing on his head a dazzling flame. “He whom you are going to hear,” said the grand priestess, “is the celebrated, the immortal, the divine Cagliostro; depository of all that has been, of all that is, and of all that shall be known by the earth.”—“Daughters of the earth,” he exclaimed, “strip off that profane cloathing, and if you wish to hear truth, shew yourselves like her.”—In an instant the whole assembly was naked as your hand.

‘If we may believe the historian, the pretended *genius of truth* counselled them to abjure a deceitful sex; “*Let the kiss of friendship*,” said he, at the close of his extravagant discourse, “*announce what passes in your heart!*” and the high priestess instructed them what was meant by the kiss of friendship.’

The excellent Madame Geoffrin occupies many portions of the Baron's correspondence. This lady's amiable character caused her to be respected by the most learned men in France. She had no enemies, it has been said, but in the women, and they hated her from envy and despair of being able to imitate her virtues. The few of her sex who knew her intimately, regarded her with affection and esteem. She was remarkable for her love of literature, of the society of men of talent; for engaging urbanity of manners, and a constant exercise of an extensive and singular benevolence. A passion for *giving* seemed identified with her existence. When a child, she would bestow her bread, her linen, her clothes, any thing she could lay her hands, on to those who asked alms of her. She regulated her feelings better as she increased in years. Her bounty was not so indiscriminate; but she knew no party or sentiment that could disqualify an object of distress of a right to participate in it. She allowed annuities to several learned men of opposite opinions and pursuits; M. d'Alembert, M. Thomas, and the Abbé Morellet were amongst her pensioners. Age and experience of the ingratitude of the world, which stifle the benevolent affections in minds where virtue is not the prevailing sentiment, stimulated Madame Geoffrin to pity and assist, even those whom she could not always respect. She thought people were more weak and vain than wicked, and that the liberality of the affluent should not only comfort the afflicted, but be indulgent to their errors. The celebrated Fontenelle, whose agreeable qualities were unalloyed by vice, but who was almost without either virtues or passions, was often called on by Madame Geoffrin to aid her charities. The philosopher, after listening to her long and pitiable stories, would add a sentiment of compassion, and unthinkingly advert to other subjects. She always let him talk on until on going away she would say, *Give me fifty louis for the poor creatures I mentioned.—You are right indeed*, he would say, and give his fifty louis, and was equally ready to give fifty louis the next day if she applied for them.

She loved children passionately, she never saw one without feeling the utmost tenderness towards it; the weakness and innocence of the age interested her deeply; she loved to observe nature, which, thanks to our manners, is only to be seen in infancy. She delighted to talk with children, and ask them questions, nor would ever suffer the people with them to suggest their answers. "I had much rather," she said, "hear the nonsense they utter, than what you dictate."

Often would she say, "I wish the question was put to all those unfortunate wretches who pay with their lives the forfeit of their crimes, *Did you love children?* I am sure they would answer, *that they did not.*"

'She earnestly recommended to those of her friends, who were without fortune, not to marry. "What," said she, "will become of your poor children if they should loose you early?—Think of the horror of your last moments if you were to leave those most dear to you in a state of distress." Some to whom this advice was given, married in spite of it; they brought their children to her, she wept, and became a mother to them.

'D'Alembert was suddenly seized with an unfortunate passion, which rendered study, and even life itself insupportable to him. She succeeded in curing him. Some time after she observed that he mentioned to her, with great interest, an amiable woman with whom he had recently become acquainted. Madame Geoffrin, who knew the lady, went to her, "I am come," she said, "to intreat a favour of you. Do not evince too much friendship for d'Alembert or too much desire to see him, he will be soon in love with you, he will be unhappy, and I shall be no less so to see him suffer; nay, you yourself will be a sufferer, from a consciousness, of the sufferings you occasion him." This woman, who was truly amiable, promised what Madame Geoffrin desired, and kept her word.

'M. de Mairan made Madame Geoffrin his sole legatee, after having shewn him the most kind attention during his illness, and paid the utmost respect to his memory after his death, she only took possession of the property bequeathed to her, to distribute it among the relations and friends of the testator. Thus the deceased academician's relations owe to Madame Geoffrin a property of about a hundred thousand livres to which they had no claim whatever, which they had never sought for or expected. The philosopher dying said: *What I have always particularly admired in you, Madam, is your spirit of order and regularity; I look upon these qualities as the diamonds of the mind.*

'The Count de Coigny, one day, when dining with her, was telling stories to which there was no end. Presently a rib of beef was served, when he drew a small knife out of his pocket to cut it, still continuing his histories. Madame Geoffrin growing quite impatient, said: *My good Count, at dinner we wish for large knives and little stories.*

Madame Geoffrin's religion appeared founded on the principle of doing all the good in her power, and scrupulously respecting established forms and the opinions of others. In her last illness, she lost for a period, the use of her faculties; and her daughter, the Marchioness de la Ferté Imbault, refused those persons access to the house who belonged to her mother's society only. She excluded M. d'Alembert, Marmontel and others, all friends of Madame Geoffrin; but whom the Mar-

ehioness could not bear, because they were Encyclopedists. The philosophers made a great noise; Madame Geoffrin got better, and they expected she would condemn her daughter's conduct. Most unexpectedly she defended it; scolded them well; then granted them a free pardon. She observed that good breeding was necessary in every thing, and that the *viaticum* and *philosophy* could not well amalgamate. "*In fact*," said she, "*my daughter was only playing Godfrey of Boulogne—defending my tomb against the Infidels.*"

Madame Geoffrin's husband was a very different kind of personage from the lady he was married to.

' Whether from malice or inattention, one who was in the habit of lending books to him, sent him several times in succession the first volume of the *Travels of Father Labbat*. M. Geoffrin, with all the composure possible, always read the book over again without perceiving the mistake. "*How do you like these Travels, Sir?*"—" *They are very interesting, but the author seems to me somewhat given to repetition.*"

' He read Bayle's Dictionary with great attention, following the line with his finger along the two columns. "*What an excellent work*, he said, *if it were only a little less abstruse.*"—

' You were at the play this evening, M. Geoffrin, said one, *pray what was the performance?*"—" *I really cannot say, I was in a great hurry to get in and had no time to look at the bill.*"—

' However deficient this poor man was, he was permitted to sit down to dinner, at the end of the table, upon condition that he never attempted to join in the conversation. A foreigner who was very assiduous in his visits to Madame Geoffrin, one day, not seeing him as usual at table, enquired after him: "*What have you done, Madam, with the poor man whom I always used to see here, and who never spoke a word.*"—" *Oh, that was my husband—he is dead.*"

Baron de Grimm's most active, and possibly his most important employment, as the Minister of his Highness of Saxe Gotha, at the court of France, consisted in collecting the gossip, and tattle, and anecdote of the court, and literati.—In the exercise of this duty, he laboured with diligence, and furnished frequent and large supplies of entertainment to his most serene master; a prince of whose disposition little more is known, than that his literary disposition inclined him to intercourse with the philosophers, and the free toleration of opinion. No act could have placed his Highness higher in the estimation of the wits of France, than his choice of Grimm for his representative, and never perhaps, was a prince more truly represented, or more willingly or obediently served. That we do not know much of the Baron's ministerial achievements, may not be owing to his want of

talent in that capacity. Small states seldom make themselves heard in the conflict of great ones, and the Baron de Grimm's master was a little prince ;—opportunities therefore rarely occurred for our plenipotentiary of pleasure to display his diplomatic talents. Perhaps no one deplored this loss, more than the Baron himself, who, occupied with philosophy and the belles lettres, and enjoying the society of wits and savants, was not likely to court the cares of cabinets, or wilfully interfere with the politics of mere politicians. Diderot in a letter to Mademoiselle Volland, relates a pleasant scene, at the Baron d'Holbach's country seat, which is strongly characteristic of the society and amusements most agreeable to Grimm. The company had sat down to cards, and Diderot, the Abbé Galiani, Grimm, and M. Le Roy, amused themselves with talking.

‘ A discussion took place between Grimm and Le Roy on the genius which creates, and the method which arranges. Grimm detests methods : he calls it the pedantry of letters : those who can only arrange would do as well to let their pens lie still ; those who cannot gain information but from subjects arranged in order, had better remain in ignorance.—But it is method which sets off a good idea—And which spoils it too. Without it we should not derive instruction from any thing.—But by incurring great fatigue, and that would be only so much the better.—Why should so many people know more than their trade ?—They said a number of things which I omit to mention, and would have continued to discuss the point, if the Abbé Galiani had not interrupted them as follows :—My friends, I remember a fable, listen to it ; you may perhaps think it long, but it will not tire you.

‘ One day, in the middle of a forest, there arose a dispute between a nightingale and a cuckoo, relative to their respective modes of singing. Each extols his own talent.—“ What bird,” says the cuckoo, “ has so easy, so simple, so natural, and so measured a song as myself ? ”—“ What bird,” said the nightingale, “ has a note more sweet, more varied, more brilliant, more airy, more affecting, than myself ? ”

‘ *The Cuckoo.* “ I say but little, but that little has weight and order, and is easily remembered.”

‘ *The Nightingale.* “ I love to speak, but I am ever new, and never tire my hearers. I enchant the forest ; the cuckoo saddens them : he is so attached to the lesson of his mother, that he dare not venture a single turn which he has not learned from her. For myself, I know not the use of a master ; I laugh at rules, and am never so much admired as when I infringe them. How can his tiresome *method* be compared with my happy deviations from all *method* ! ”

‘ The cuckoo strove frequently to interrupt the nightingale ; but nightingales sing for ever, and never listen ; this is one of their faults. Our bird, led on by his ideas, followed them with rapidity without attending to the answers of his rival. Nevertheless, after some assertions

and contradictions, they agreed to refer their disputes to the judgment of a third animal. But where can they find that third, of equal impartiality and skill, who shall decide on their merits? It is difficult to find a good judge. They look for one in every direction.

‘ They were crossing a meadow, when they happened to perceive an ass, one of the gravest and most solemn of his species. Ever since the creation, not an ass had been seen whose ears were so long. Ah! said the cuckoo, we are really too fortunate; ours is a dispute which has a reference to ears, there is our judge; he was made expressly for us.

‘ The Ass was busily browsing; little did he think that one day he should be called on to decide on musical pretensions; but Providence amuses itself in divers ways. Our two birds descended before him, compliment him on his gravity and judgment, explain to him the subject of their dispute, and entreat him very humbly to hear them and decide. But the ass turning away lazily his heavy head, and not losing a single bite, made them a sign with his ears that he was hungry, and that he does not on this day hold his bed of justice. The birds insist; the ass continues to browse; by browsing, his appetite is appeased. Some trees were planted on the skirt of the meadow. Well! said he, go thither, I will betake myself to the spot. You will sing, I will digest, listen, and then give you my opinion. The ass follows them with the air of a president in a round bonnet, traversing the halls of a court of justice; he arrives, stretches himself on the earth, and says, begin; the court listens to you.

‘ The cuckoo then spoke; my lord, not a word of my reasonings is to be lost. Catch the character of my voice, and particularly have the goodness to observe its artifice and method; then puffing out his throat, and flapping each time with his wings, he sang; cuckoo, cuckookoo, cuckoo, cuckookoo, cuckoo; and, having combined these notes in every possible manner, he was silent.

‘ Then the nightingale, without preface, opens his voice, ventures into the boldest modulations, falls into strains the newest and most exquisite, and cadences and swells that no breath could follow; one while the listener heard the sounds descend and murmur at the bottom of his throat, as the river wave loses itself among the flints; then the voice arose, was gradually reinforced, filling the extent of the air, and remained as it were suspended; it was by turns sweet, playful, brilliant, pathetic, and painted to the life every character that it assumed; but his style was not made for all the world.

‘ Carried away by this enthusiasm, he was yet singing; but the ass, who had already frequently yawned, stopped him, and said, I conceive that what you have been singing is mighty fine, but not a syllable of it do I comprehend; it appears to me, whimsical, confused, unconnected; perhaps you are more learned than your rival, but he is more methodical than you, and I am for method.

‘ Then the Abbé, addressing himself to M. Le Roy, and pointing to Grimm, “ There,” said he, “ is the nightingale, you are the cuckoo, and I am the ass who decides the cause in your favour!—Good night.”

From a work abounding with anecdote and agreeable things, there is great difficulty in selecting; if we give much however, it must not be inferred that there is not more remaining. Every page teems with original or ingenious matter, of the most amusing kind. The miscellaneous extracts that follow, are numerous, and occupy more room than we can well spare—we have been forced to reject a far greater number than we had designed to insert.

‘ M. the Privy Seal asked Mirabeau one day, what sort of a man his brother was ? *If,* said Mirabeau, *I am to answer frankly, in any other family he would pass for a man of wit and wickedness, but in ours, he is an ordinary man.*’

‘ Piron narrowly escaped a good drubbing in his early youth, before he quitted his native province. He had associated himself with a company of arquebusiers at Beaune. The gentlemen of that town are not celebrated for their brilliancy, and they have the foible of not liking to hear asses talked of. Piron had an ass dressed like an arquebusier, and carried him in his train to the place where the company was to exercise. Fortunately for him no one appeared to take the joke. In the evening he went to the play with his honourable corps. The curtain drew up, the actors spoke somewhat low, when some of the audience began calling to them to speak louder, they could not hear. “ *It is not however for want of ears,*” said Piron aloud. The whole audience immediately fell upon him, and it was not without some difficulty that he escaped from their fury.’

‘ Louis the Fifteenth was remarkably absent. He asked one day of Gradenigo, the ambassador from Venice: “ How many members does your council of *ten* at Venice consist of ? ” — “ *Of forty !* ” answered the ambassador. The king paid no more attention to the answer than to his own question.’

‘ M. Duval having left the Emperor Francis one day very hastily, without waiting to be dismissed; whither are you going ? said that prince to him.—*To hear Gabriella sing, Sire.*—But she sings miserably.—*I entreat your Majesty to say that in a low voice.*—Why should I not say it loud ?—*Because it is important for your Majesty to be believed by all the world, and if you say so, no one will believe you.*’

‘ When the Princess de Charolais was in the agonies of death, it was easier to bring her to receive the last sacraments than to take off her rouge: no longer able to resist the intreaties of her confessor, she, at length, consented—“ *but in this case,*” said she to the women who surrounded her, “ *give me some other ribbands; you know that without rouge yellow ribbands look frightful upon me.*”

—“*One would not look a fright after one's death,*” were the last words of Anne Oldfield.’

‘When, after the celebrated adventure of M. de Belloy's *Seige of Calais*, Mademoiselle Clairon quitted the theatre and said, with an emphasis altogether touching and pathetic, that the king was master of her life and fortune, but not of her honour; Sophy answered, “*You are in the right, madam, where there is nothing the king loses his rights.*”’

‘The illustrious M. Legros, whose fame, in the art of dressing the ladies' hair, is spread over all Europe, lost his life on the fatal night of the thirtieth of May, 1770. The wife of Legros returned to the field of the slain, about three o'clock in the morning, when some one began telling her the fate of her husband, in as tender a manner as possible: “*'Tis very well,*” said she, “*but I must feel in his pockets for the keys of the house or else I cannot get in.*” And so saying, this disconsolate widow went quietly home to her bed.’

‘The Abbé Coyer had intended passing three or four months with M. de Voltaire; he had even proposed to himself to announce so agreeable an intention immediately upon his arrival. In order to feel duly how very pleasant the proposal would have been to the host of Fernel, it must be observed, that the Abbé Coyer, though in some of his early writings he has caught a tone of vivacity, is, in conversation one of the dullest of human beings, the very God of *ennui*. Our illustrious patriarch bore the first day with tolerable patience; but the next talking to his guest of his travels in Holland and in Italy, hé, all on a sudden, put a question to him which embarrassed him very much. *Do you know my dear Abbé, he said, the difference there is between Don Quixote and you!—It is that the Knight took inns for gentlemen's seats, and you take gentlemen's seats for inns.*’

‘M. Rouelle, the celebrated chemist, was extremely absent at his lectures; he usually brought with him a brother and a nephew to assist him in his experiments; but, as his assistants were not always there, he would cry *nephew! why nephew!* but the nephew not coming he would go himself to the laboratory, always continuing his lecture as if he had still been with his auditors, and, at his return, had commonly finished the demonstration he was then about. One day, in the absence of his brother and nephew, being left to perform the experiments by himself, he said: *Gentlemen you see this cauldron upon this brazier.—Well, if I were to cease stirring a single moment, an explosion would ensue, which would blow us all into the air.* This was no sooner said than he forgot to stir, and his prediction was accomplished; the explosion took place with a horrible crash, all the windows of the laboratory were smashed to pieces, and two hundred auditors whirled away into the garden.’

‘ His Majesty the King of Prussia, having desired M. d’Alembert to fix the amount of his subscription to M. de Voltaire’s statue, M. d’Alembert said: *A crown, Sire, and your name.*’

‘ Rousseau’s celebrated memoir against the progress of knowledge originated with Diderot. *Which side of the subject do you mean to take?* said he to Rousseau, when he was to compose his speech on this question for the Academy at Dijon. *In favour of letters,* answered Jean Jaques. *’Tis the asses’ bridge,* replied Diderot: *take the other side, and you will see what a noise your speech will make.*’

‘ A journeyman pastry-cook stole away the mistress of Marshal Saxe, one night, during the siege of Maestricht, and carried her off. The night of their escape, it is to be presumed, was very tempestuous, since the bridges of communication between the Marshal’s army and Lowendahl’s corps, which was on the other side of the river, were carried away; and it was feared that the enemy might take advantage of this circumstance, and, falling upon Lowendahl’s corps, destroy it entirely. M. Dumesnil, who was distinguished at that time by the appellation of the *handsome Dumesnil*, and who died of his expedition to the parliament of Grenoble, came to see the Marshal early in the morning. He found him sitting upon his bed, much agitated, with his hair dishevelled, and appeared in a great affliction. He began to console him, saying: “*The misfortune is undoubtedly very great but it may be repaired.*”—“*Alas! my friend,*” replied the Marshal, “*there is no remedy, I am undone!*” Dumesnil continued endeavouring to reanimate his courage, and console him for the disaster of the night, “*It may not,*” said he, “*be attended with the consequences which we may apprehend.*” Still the marshal was disconsolate, and continued to say that the loss was irreparable. At length, after about a quarter of an hour had passed in this way, the Marshal began to perceive that all M. Dumesnil had said related only to the bridges, when he exclaimed: “*Pshaw! who could have thought that you were talking only of these broken bridges!—it is a petty inconvenience which may be repaired in three hours; but Chantilly is gone! They have taken Chantilly away from me!*”’

‘ Figure to yourself Madame Du Deffand, blind, seated in her dressing-room in an easy chair which resembles the tub of Diogenes, with her old friend M. de Pont de Vesle lolling in a *bergere* on the other side of the chimney. Such is the scene, such the actors, and the following is the substance of one of their recent conversations.

‘ Pont de Vesle?—Madam? Where are you? On the other side of your chimney.—Lolling in your chair your feet upon the dogs as we should do with our friends?—Yes, Madam.—It must be owned that there are few friendships in the world of so old a date as ours.—Very true.—It has lasted fifty years.—Yes, more than fifty.—And in all

that time no cloud has intervened, no shadow of a quarrel.—That is what I have always admired.—But, Pont de Vesle, has it not been because at bottom we were always extremely indifferent the one to the other?—That may very possibly be the case, Madam.'

'An Englishman, who was about to cross the Alps, having stopped at Ferney, to see M. de Voltaire, in taking leave of him, asked if he had any commands for Italy. The patriarch requested him by all means to bring him the ears of the Grand Inquisitor. The Englishman when he arrived at Rome, talked of this commission in several companies, till at length it reached the ears of the Pope. When the Englishman had an audience of his Holiness, after some other conversation, the latter asked him whether he was not charged with some commission? The traveller understanding from this question that the Pope knew the story, smiled; upon which his Holiness Ganganulix said: *I beg you to let M. de Voltaire know that the Inquisition has for a long time had neither eyes nor ears.*'

'*Impromptu Harangue of the Viscount de Ségur, at a supper at the Baron Besenval's.*

'Sire, your children—the people—the nation—You are its father—the constitution—the executive power in your hands—the legislative power—the equilibrium of finances—the glory of your reign—the love of your people—Sire, the credit—the foundations of the monarchy shaken—all concurs—all re-assures—and your equity—the eyes of astonished Europe—the spirit of sedition destroyed—the tears of your people—posterity—abundance—glory—patriotism—abuse of power—clergy—nobility—third estate—sublime effort—virtue—confidence—the enlightened age—the administration—the splendor of the throne—rare beneficence—ages to come—wisdom—prosperity—these are the vows of your kingdom—powerful union of an important nation—ever-memorable epoch—lustre of your crown and benedictions—the virtues of Louis XII.—the kindness of Henry IV.—Sire, 12 and 4 make XVI.'

'M. de La Fayette, being employed in a negociation on the part of the Congress with the savages of I know not what Canton in America; one of the officers, who accompanied him, observed a young Indian woman, whose beauty he thought rendered her a conquest worthy of his assiduities. He paid her, therefore, great attention, but for a long time his homage was received with the utmost coldness. One evening, however, he announced to his friends, with great delight, that he flattered himself he was, at last, on the point of obtaining the fruit of his labours, since his *enamored* had begged of him a trinket that hung to his watch, and had appeared extremely gratified at the eagerness with which he gave it to her. The next day a grand festival, after the manner of the country, was to be celebrated. Our young Frenchman did not doubt that this was to be the day of his triumph; but

judge of his surprize, and of the inclination to burst into a hearty laugh which must have seized his companions, when almost the first object that presented itself to their eyes was this trinket hanging to the nose of the tallest and handsomest savage in the assembly.'

‘ *An Oriental Fable.*

‘ The young Schah-Abbas loved his people, and was very fond of asking questions. One day, having met the philosopher Sadi, in a solitary walk in his gardens, “ You know,” said he, “ the two ministers who have governed the empire since I have filled the throne of the world ; never were principles more opposite, never did two people pursue a more different line of conduct, how is it that my people find equal reason to complain of both ? ” — “ Sire,” answered the sage, “ one may do ill so well, and good so ill.—There is but one way of being happy ; there are a hundred thousand ways of not being so.” ’

‘ What can one not pardon to a fine voice ! I knew an Italian lady, however, that was less indulgent. A celebrated virtuoso was praised in her presence : *Yes, she said, a fine voice, but a bad heart ! My brother, the cardinal, made a soprano of him, and he never evinced the least gratitude.*’

‘ A gentleman of the states of Dauphiné, speaking of the pre-eminence of his rank, made the following remark ; *Think of all the blood that the nobility has shed in battle.*—A man of low birth answered him :—*And the blood shed by the people in the same battles, do you think it was water.*’

‘ One of the inhabitants of the mad-house at Zurich, afflicted rather by imbecility than madness, was allowed his entire liberty which he never misused. His happiness was confined solely to ringing the bells of the parish church, but when he grew old, whether he was really less capable of filling this august function, or whether the jealousies and intrigues that reign in republics penetrate even into the hospitals, the poor creature was deprived of his employment. This stroke plunged him into the utmost despair, but without making any complaints he sought the master of the great works, and said to him, with that sublime tranquillity which is inspired by a determined resolution : *I come, Sir, to ask a favour of you. I used to ring the bells, it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, but they would not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure then of cutting off my head, I cannot do it myself, or I would spare you the trouble.* At the same time he placed himself in an attitude to receive the favour he solicited. The magistrate, to whom this scene was related, was extremely touched by it, and determined to recompence, even in the lowest among the citizens, the desire of being useful—the man was re-established in his former honours, some as-

distance only was ordered him in case it should be wanted, and he died ringing the bells.'

'A New-Year's gift, very ingenious, and containing a fine moral lesson, was sent by Madame de la Vaupalière to her husband, who loves play passionately. A very pretty and convenient sort of box has lately been invented for keeping fish and counters; Madame de la Vaupalière, had a very elegant one made for M. de la Vaupalière, on one side of which was her own picture, and on the other a picture of her children, with this motto :—*Think of us.*'

'The wife of a gamester came with death in her eyes to seek her husband where he had been playing for two days. *Leave me,* he said, *I shall see you again perhaps.*—He did indeed come to her, she was in bed with her last child at her breast.—*Rise,* said he, *the bed on which you lie is no longer yours.'*

He that could lay down Grimm's Correspondence without having found amusement, or gained instruction, must be more than usually dull, or more than ordinarily wise. Such books will be referred to, for their abundant knowledge of character, so long as the philosophy of social life, shall be considered worth cultivation.—They let us behind the curtain, and, introducing us to the machinery of human action, exhibit man as he is.

ART. VI.—*The Elements of the Science of Money*, founded on principles of the Law of Nature. By John Prince Smith, Esq.: of Gray's Inn, Barrister at Law. Octavo. pp. 550. 15s. Longman and Co. 1813.

OUR hope is not more refreshed and renewed by the blossoms of spring, than by the title of this book. After wandering in the mazes of delusion through which we have been led, by the wild conjecture, and timid speculations of an artificial and meretricious age; an undertaking to guide our footsteps 'by the law of nature,' is consolation in the depths of despair. Mr. Smith must be a man of courage, if he has wittingly chosen the consequences of his hardihood, for he can scarcely expect to preserve 'his caste' against the hosts of opposition that he must encounter. Literati and cognocenti legislators, and political economists would as readily approach the Upas-tree, as have any thing to do with a man who shapes his views and reasonings according to nature. A writer who would propagate truth, must disguise or garnish it; for except here and there a starveling in a garret, all are agreed that truth, as truth, is too

unfashionable and too profane, to be admitted into good company.

To pursue any inquiry according to the 'principles of the law of nature,' it is necessary that both the preceptor and the student, should be uninfluenced by prejudices and prepossessions. In no period of the world, have mankind been in this temper; and, although the present is more speculative, and bound by fewer shackles than former ages, it is, perhaps, less favourable upon the whole, owing to the large mixture of passion, and mistaken interests, that now habitually interweave themselves into all our discussions. Lord Bacon said, 'there has not yet been found a man endowed with sufficient firmness and strength of mind, to dare to impose a law upon himself of renouncing every theory,—of destroying every prepossession that his mind has received, and of thus *preparing for himself an intellect*; which, like a smooth table of wax, might be disposed to receive with the greatest accuracy, the ideas that observation and experience should present to it.' For want of this mastery over ourselves, all our notions form an undigested heap, without order and without end; and a proposal to submit them to the test of nature, comes in the shape of a calamity, as it calls upon us to systematize what we have collected by rote;—to trace arrangements and analogies where we should prefer trusting to chance. But for this voluntary and continued abuse of our faculties, Mr. Smith would be justified in his opening assertion, that 'three powers may be said to rule the world, money, arts, and arms; or wealth, knowledge, and force:' as it is, the world is governed by ignorance, through the agency of wealth, violence, and deception.

In carrying back our financial views, or notions of exchange, to the principles of nature, Mr. Smith proceeds at a slow and measured pace, which evinces his consciousness of the perverted and depraved state of our receptivity. He seems to have practised great delicacy, lest he should have drawn all the conclusions that might have been inferred from the facts proved; and if he has not made so much of his subject as we think he might have done, it is not because he has failed to view it with the eye of a master, but because he has chosen to consult the organs of those to whom it is addressed, rather than to display all its brilliancy. It was in this spirit of condescension, we think, that he omitted to do himself complete justice, when, in defining the law of nature, he says, 'it is the rule of conduct which is *most convenient*

for man generally, and which arises out of a due consideration of his duties, and correspondent rights in a state of society.' According to our view, this definition is loose, and unworthy of the subject;—for the law of nature is absolute, irresistible, and unalterable; and should be defined without any reference to the convenience of man, otherwise than as he would find it most suitable to his circumstances to make it his constant study, and to bow submissively to it; however novel may be the forms that it will assume, as his mind expands, and his knowledge increases. We will not quarrel with Mr. Smith for not having done, in a few lines, what, if the states of Europe had done during the fourteen or fifteen centuries that they think they have been in a course of civilization, would have saved him from the necessity of writing his book. We know that the business of man—his primary object,—his only rational function,—the entire occupation of his life, if ever he shall arrive at the paradise from which he has been supposed to have fallen, will be the definition and comprehension of the law of nature; it is, therefore, highly creditable to the judgment of this gentleman, that he saw the necessity of making the attempt. There is, however, besides the apparent laxity of defining the law of nature, as accommodated to man's convenience, an objection also, to the sort of limitation implied by the term 'generally;' for we are afraid that the most prolific source of the calamities of mankind, is the habit that all the influential classes of society have adopted, of studying nature through the medium of their own convenience, instead of making it convenient to study and conform to that law. Now this redundant adverb 'generally,' seems calculated to sanction the partial and favourable constructions, that the self-love of those who have the power of dressing up nature according to their convenience, would frequently put upon new dispensations; it ought, therefore, not to be tolerated for a moment, but should be superseded by the more appropriate term,—'universally.' Nature knows nothing of majorities; what she does, she does for all her children universally.... 'the just and the unjust;' it is man alone,—selfish, obstinate man. that qualifies her operations, and limits her power. The treasures of endless resource are no fuller, in consequence of men, by their erroneous systems, condemning a large portion of their fellows to perish, through want and privation. The law of nature then, is connected with man's convenience only in proportion to his conformity with it, through the medium

of his own understanding. To avoid, therefore, attempting, in a few lines, what is the business of a life-time, it would lessen the inconsistency, to define the link which unites the law of nature and the mind of man;—and which is uniformly the same throughout the whole operation, from the beginning until the end of life. Every isolated fact that we comprehend, is—truth; every fresh insight that we get, into the law of nature is—truth. Every new truth that we possess, is a new grasp at the law of nature;—but we may know more than truth, yet comprehend a very small part of the law of nature.

Truth may therefore be defined, as that voluminous, unalterable, and irresistible law, which no effort of science can controul, and no effort of ingenuity can evade; which, if it could be comprehended in complete series, would constitute the law of nature. The knowledge of truth is the discovery of the various complicated operations, and effects of that law, in its application to the multitudinous circumstances of the moral and physical divisions of nature, and the numerous links that connect and bind them together;—and the happiness of man will be exactly commensurate to the conformity that his social institutions, and individual conduct, bear to that law. Hence we infer that it is the interest of mankind, regardless of their convenience or inclination, to study the law of nature, as their paramount rule;—that its effects upon their reason would be, admiration of its beauty, and obedience to its dictates, from a sense of its propriety, and a conviction that self-love and social, are the same.

The author has escaped from the imputation of Utopianism, by shewing the influence of the law of nature upon the affairs of men, in a world governed as ours has been; rather than by imagining a state of things that would have obtained if nature, had ever been permitted to take its course. Thus in the midst of many, very many excellent remarks, we find the law of nature, that equivocal thing, dwindled into ‘the law of nations; because, with them, all positive law ceases, and there being no superior authority to which they can appeal, individual nations are like individual men, living without municipal laws.’ All further difficulties are removed out of the way; we are transported out of the regions of theory, into the world of fact; and we may take leave of nature, with making the simple memorandum that when one error is admitted, a long series inevitably follows. Having once let the money changers into

the temple, we must submit to the scourge of small cords.

Mr. Smith's treatise is a fund of practical information, on the science of money. With his knowledge of the subject, it is no trifling merit, to have declined a profuse and embarrassing display of learning; and strong as his claims are to design and perspicuous development, he ingenuously acknowledges all his obligations to contemporary writers. The character of the work is very fairly given in his own words.

'In compiling this book the author has raised his views above the present times, and avoided allusions to temporary matter, except when absolutely necessary to the present subject. He has discussed it fully, patiently, and without party-spirit. Would those who hold that a paper system in currency, is necessary to the support of commerce and the prosperity of states, attempt the same thing, instead of declaiming in general terms, they would either reason themselves out of their mistakes, or establish their doctrines upon a sure and irrefragable basis: they would be either intelligible, or palpably inconsistent.

'In this work will be found the substance of numerous pamphlets; and much apparent learning might have been displayed by the citation of many authorities of nobler size. One advantage of a general treatise is, that it avoids party-strife and personal censure; but on this occasion there is no immediate cause for violent abuse and truth will make a progress not the less rapid for the dignity of her demeanour, and the gentleness of her carriage.

'As to the present ministers, the error of the paper system does not belong exclusively to them. It is a disease of inheritance derived to the nation by several descents, through every reign of the last century; and ultimately to be traced to the glorious king William, and the revolution. It is an error into which the whole nation, together with all the nations of Europe, have fallen; and like other nations, *Britain* must also work out her salvation with fear and trembling. The hope of our safety is in the course of nature, which, in the midst of disease, produces the crisis by which it terminates. The principle to which she points in all cases of public distress is plain and visible in the common career of life. When an individual is bankrupt, his effects must be sold to liquidate his debts. When a nation is bankrupt, the lands must be divided to satisfy the lawful creditors, or ruin and anarchy ensue, and violence ultimately divides the spoil.'

From an elaborate investigation of the financial system of Great-Britain, it results that the effects of the national debt upon currency, and of currency upon prices, render it impossible that payments in coin can be restored until that debt be reduced; Mr. Smith's reasons are very forcible.

‘ When the revenue and expenditure of the state has attained a fixed point, the quantity of currency existing is necessary to that expenditure. For, as currency equals demand, and state expenditure, or the levying of taxes, is a principal part of the demand, it cannot safely be diminished. Nor is it possible to diminish a currency and introduce coin, without diminishing state expenditure. Because, state expenditure increases the demand beyond that of other countries, which has expelled the coin by raising foreign exchanges and home prices. Until the expenditure decreases, therefore, it is impossible to restrain the outgoing of coin, or to procure its return when expelled. Wherefore, in order to restore coin after a high state of national debt and expenditure, these must be destroyed or reduced.

‘ The evil of a national debt is its tendency to depreciate money, and the impossibility of justly satisfying the creditor of the state, arising out of the continual increase of money. But if the money be reduced, and the demand also reduced relatively, no material change is effected; and this would happen if the debt were reduced relatively to the coin, currency, and taxation. But if the debt were destroyed entirely without compensation, a great injustice must be committed by the state, and where the debt is large in proportion to the exchangeable value of land and commodities, a great part of the people would be absolutely ruined.

‘ Now the sudden ruin of a great part of the people of property, and the reducing them to absolute poverty, occasions a thorough convulsion of the state. And if this ruin extended to one-fourth only of the people of property, the state of society would be broken up, to be reformed from its elements, the most dreadful anarchy be produced, and, till the new settlement of property, and a fixed government, civil wars the most sanguinary and violent would most probably arise.

‘ For all violent changes in the state or the relative condition of the people are essentially revolutions. And the change of the relative condition of the owners of 20 millions of property out of £110,000,000 which is the proportion of the funded annuities to the whole income, on which the property tax is raised, would, by reducing one-fifth of the people of property to ruin, occasion in Great Britain a revolution of the most horrible kind.’

To avert the threatened evil the author thinks, ‘ a new division of property has become necessary; when taxes being destroyed, land, commodities and all produce will become more valuable, relatively.’ He supports his opinion by an appeal to antiquity, when it frequently occurred among the ancient states, and in new conquests, that a fresh division of property was made to suit existing circumstances; but more especially to the practice among the Jews; who, every fiftieth year, caused all land, which had been alienated, during the interval from the preceding jubilee, to be re-

turned to their former possessors. The land owners, he shews, would sustain no injury by such a proceeding; and, therefore, would have no ground to complain: for, 'as the reduction of taxes, by removing the claims of the annuitants would increase the value of the land, its produce, and all other commodities in exchange, in a given proportion, the annuitants would have an equitable, and just claim to be indemnified by the distribution of the land and commodities, according to their exact proportion.' We can hardly do him justice upon this point, without citing his own words.

'The details of a new division of property in any state, cannot be given in a theoretical treatise upon science; they must be discovered in the existing circumstances of the state, and must be regulated with great discretion, and above all with equity, moderation, and justice; which will best be attained by allowing assessments to be made impartially by juries, and by various compositions between parties having specific claims.

'Supposing the taxable income of the people, estimated in the existing currency at £110,000,000 and the claim of the annuitants at £20,000,000; the claim of the annuitants is as one-fifth nearly, or 20 per cent, and may be so estimated in any given value, in coin of any denomination. The division of one-fifth of the land is then easily made, and the portion required may be conveyed to the same uses as the stock, either in the hands of trustees in every parish, or specifically by proper assessments by means of commissioners, as in the division of common lands newly enclosed.

'The raising of commodities, in specie, might be more difficult, but great facilities are afforded by the system of the excise and customs. Coffee, cotton, corn, coals, beer, flour, flax, hemp, iron, wine, spirits, and other commodities in the gross, would be easily distributable and might be bonded in government warehouses, and the real produce only applied, in discharge of such claims, providing by the purchase of lands for all annuities in settlement.

'Upon a new distribution of property, as settled above, it would be easy to call in all bills or credit notes, and to make an issue of a new coin, exactly adapted to the emergency; which, by a due admixture of a proportion of paper might be rendered nearly equivalent to the currency of other neighbouring states; and, being issued on discounts, might easily be reduced gradually, to adapt itself to the state of foreign exchanges. But assessments of damage on all previous special contracts would be necessary, and every special contract must thereby be reduced to a sort of meritorious claim of uncertain damage, which in our law is called *quantum meruit*, when the claim is for labour, and *quantum valebant*, when it is for goods, at an uncertain price or meritorious value. The difficulty of thus arranging the private debts

of the people is very great, but without a proper arrangement the greatest injustice must ensue.'

As the evident tendency of the author's suggestion, is to preserve the equipoise between the landed, and the monied interests, whilst, by delivering us from the paper system, it would save us from the inconvenience of two prices, it is, perhaps, unexceptionable: the same cannot be said in favour of his arguments in defence of usury; and, when a gentleman who has judged so correctly upon so many points in this discussion, is so erroneous in his opinions upon the rent of money, our doubts are strengthened as to the propriety of any reform whatever being attempted, until we understand it as a whole, sufficiently clear, to reason it abstractedly, without resorting to the practical usages with which we are acquainted; and thus, being divested of prepossessions, may comprehend the pure philosophy of equivalents and exchanges, according to the nature of things.

It is to be regretted that the length of the chapter on usury, and interest, precludes our inserting it; but if we are prevented from giving his own arguments, we think we do not misrepresent him, when we say that he wishes the possessors of money to be placed upon a footing with the proprietors of land; and to be left at liberty to hire out their wealth for as high a rent, and to make as good terms as they can. Mr. Smith as well as Mr. Bentham, and Mr. Sugden, all assign very excellent reasons in support of this opinion, because they are only opposed to opinions still more erroneous:—they compare bad with worse, and confining their views within the circle of the systems that they have seen acted upon, the principle of equity is in their favour. Certainly if the landlord has a right to levy what interest he pleases for the loan of his property, and to raise his rents as often as he thinks proper, without being subject to any rule but his own exigencies, it does appear very unfair that the possessor of money should be deprived of the exercise of his own will, and should not only have the rent of his money assessed for him, but be limited to the same nominal parentage, even when its real value is considerably depreciated. Many arguments as favourable as this for the usurer may be drawn from the bad practices of mankind; but it should not be forgotten that the book under review, has enlarged the scope of our views, and carried them beyond the peurile policy of ignorant and sordid man, to the principles of nature.

Now nature stands in the same relation to the borrower as to the lender, and has placed a canker-worm in every germ of the usurer's heap, to get destruction ready for him by the time when she has occasion to use his store, in the culture of comforts in some new form, for the service of her more obedient offspring, who choose to make use of, rather than to postpone, her gifts. It is impossible to enter upon this question in reference to the law of nature, without enquiring into the rights, as well as into the power of money; for, when we ask what is wealth, we find that it is capable of being reduced into two primary elements, which can only be kept equipoised when money holds them in solution, as their common menstruum. The analysis might be carried much further; but it would answer no practicable purpose to go beyond the two principal divisions, which are, *human powers*, and *social assignments*.

The human powers are universal property, the gift of nature to all, without distinction, except in a few instances, where she appears to deviate from her course. Assignments are bestowed by society partially, and are acquired with more or less violence and fraud, as states emerge from barbarism towards perfection. Whenever nations shall attain that state of perfection which every wise man has hoped for, and desired, violence and contention amongst men will be subdued, by the science of government having ascertained the equitable, and natural assignment due to every effort of human power; not merely with a view to secure the just reward of desert, but with a view to revivify every such effort, and to collect every atom of human and social ability into one general co-operation, in the reproduction and increase of the materials of happiness and enjoyment.

The most enlightened people are yet very far short of the object; and the reason is, because they have entirely neglected the culture of one division of wealth, and therefore have invariably misapplied their assignments, so as to impede rather than accelerate their civilization. The short-sighted policy that has hitherto governed the world, has directed the productions of nature and art, so as to secure the greatest possible quantity of idleness; instead of having contrived to compound them with the joint labours and genius of man, into a mass of common comfort, for the purpose of recruiting the cheerfulness and the energies of human power, sufficient to keep it

on in a still further increase, and reproduction continually.

There is no occasion for theoretical refinements,—no necessity for reviving any disputed position on the ‘right of property in land;’ a few of the author’s own principles will make out our case very satisfactorily. Had legislators or governors approximated towards a notion of their duties and functions, they would have used the *wages of labour* as a machine for engaging all the strength and talents of society, in the active manufacture of the comforts and elegances of life. They would have distributed the rewards of service, not so as to keep the labourer in a state of barbarism, five centuries behind his cousins, and neighbours; but they would have assigned conveniences and refinements to all who would employ themselves in their fabrication and contrivance, and to no others. Had any thing bearing the least resemblance to wise government ever appeared in the world, we should have heard of no such anomalies as waste strength, or waste land, whilst there was any craving appetite, or other laudable want, ungratified: but as Mr. Smith very judiciously observes, ‘statesmen have yet to learn that the natural end of all true government is to preserve the peace of society, and of the world;’ they have therefore contrived that those who labour to produce the materials of comfort, shall have no higher excitement than the pittance of a pauper, and that a man’s best title to the enjoyment of the fruits of the earth, is his having had no hand in their production. The world has thus hitherto gone on without government. The people, who have taken the lead, have so rolled on from age to age, with the anarchy that whirled them into power; and having all been content with emulating the drivelling policy of their predecessors, the first rudiments of government are yet to learn.

Had government ever contrived leisure enough for themselves, to enter upon the study of their own attributes, the first discoveries that they would have made would have been the necessity and the means of securing their own perpetuity and independence, against seditions and rebellions; and rejecting all the sinister views of the distinct classes under their authority, they would soon have formed an unalterable conclusion—that power can only be established by righteousness. Were a government once to view itself as the independent arbiter of an entire people, holding the balance of justice to weigh out

their fate individually, without any other rule than even-handed equity, it would begin by viewing all the component atoms of the elements of wealth, as one undistinguished chaos, to be brought into order by its own philosophical distribution. Its duties would admit of a generical division, under two heads: first, that of *supplying the wants* of all the dependants upon its care, according to their just expectations, founded upon the general resources, and the state of civilization; secondly, that of *providing a renewed stock* to repeat the same supply, and meet the annual consumption, from year to year, without cessation. There would be no partialities in such a case; a government so enlightened, and simplified, could have no motive for taking away one man's share of invigorating comfort to give it to another; because the self love which would incline it to diminish its own fatigues, being tempered by its rectitude, which would imperiously dictate its duty, would behold in every individual, without distinction, its own agent in accomplishing its joint objects of distribution and increase. The great object of the social compact, which it would be the business of society to fulfil, would be to secure, every year, a sufficient quantity of produce to supply necessaries for the year's consumption; and, with a view to advance in civilization as rapidly as possible towards the highest point of attainable perfection, it would contrive so to measure out that produce, that its value should return to the community either in the shape of necessaries, conveniences, or luxuries. Its principle would be, that nothing should be given for nothing; but that useful labour should be abundantly repaid. Now if we take the testimony of all the wise men who have deplored the fate of mankind, and the folly of their rulers—if we consult the Mores, the Sullys, the Bacons, the Lockes, the Bolingbrokes, the Turgots, the Smiths, the Godwins, and the Lauderdale, they all agree, that government, instead of having adopted the liberal policy which became them as the treasurers of nature, have all acted upon the principle of parsimony, and doled out the bounties of heaven as if they had attained a mathematical certainty, that each succeeding year would be less prolific than its predecessor.

If the author will pursue his train of reflection, he will find, that the evils of which he complains, arise out of the very principle that he desires to extend—that of allowing money a rentable value, in addition to its use in exchange. Here begins all the complication of government, all the depravity of morals, all the wretchedness and contentions that divide the human species into a herd of ravening wolves,

and their keepers. So long as money is used merely as a measure of the value of commodities, both society and government will use it as a machine for amalgamating the elements of wealth together, in a manner that should determine their real value, in relation to each other, by reducing to practice the theoretical position, that the price of all consumable articles must be proportioned by the quantity of labour and skill employed in their production. This would be effected by the three following circumstances: first, that as the providence of government would take care of the annual supply, secondly, no holder of productions would have a motive for accumulating them, beyond the ensuing crop, because they would lose their value; and, therefore, thirdly, he would change them away for works of art and refinement, by which that portion of the population would get employed, who were not occupied in producing articles of the first necessity. The law having declared the principle of securing for every individual, whom it permitted to be born on its soil, an equitable provision, according to the actual state of social improvement, it would become a science to determine relative values; and the interest of the holder to part with his produce, meeting the wants of the consumer, fairly in the market, the science of trade would balance them against each other, subject to such commercial variations as are contained in the author's chapter on wealth, circulation, prices, &c.

'All commodities, and, therefore, wealth are unequally distributed in every state. And, as commodities are distributed unequally, so, also, is money.

'Those who possess a larger share of the mass of the money in any state, are enabled to purchase commodities at a higher rate, than others; and it is generally found, that, where wealth is distributed with great inequality, the prices of commodities of necessity will be increased thereby; but the tendency to this increase may be affected by some counterpoise, in the nature, course, or, as we may call it, the elements of prices.

'The exchange of commodities for money is, frequently, denominated the *circulation* of money, which must, from necessity and the nature of things, be incessantly repeated. It has been observed, however, with some justice, that it is rather the exchange of the commodities, which produces the circulation of money than the money which influences the exchange of the commodities. The notion of *circulation* is, notwithstanding, well applied to money; and deserves our principal consideration.'

'It is from the peculiar circumstances, which attend this circulation, that arise the different variations in the mass, or whole stock of money in any country; and the rise and fall, or permanent state of prices.'

' These circumstances may be considered distinctly ; and, *first*, the number of exchanges, or circulation of money, in a given space of territory, will be more or less, as the actual number of the people, or the population of the state, is greater or less. In the language of mathematicians, therefore, it may be said, that circulation varies with, or as population : and this we shall call its *first element*.'

' *Secondly*, the number of exchanges must be encreased, or diminished, by the actual increase, or diminution, of the quantity of exchangeable commodities, in a nation ; or its wealth ; which may be called its *second element*.'

' *Thirdly*, The exchanges will be more or less frequent, as the effective demand ; that is, the possession of the equivalent to be exchanged, and the wants of the consumers. And this is its *third element*.'

' Again, we may consider, how these elements themselves are subject to variations ; and, as to the changes in the amount of population, we may consider it as having a tendency to perpetual increase, restrained only by the effects of war, disease, vice, moral restraints, and the other checks to population ; which are so admirably discussed, and so amply detailed, in the excellent work of *Malthus* on that most important subject.'

' *Secondly*, The quantity of consumable commodities varies, according to the different states of the arts of production : as agriculture and manufactures : and also, as commerce is more or less extensive, and trade more or less free.'

' The effective demand, or power of giving any fixed sum of money, or price for any commodity, is different, under different distributions of wealth ; and, therefore, varies by the enjoyment of civil and personal liberty ; and as the arts and facilities of commerce are more or less improved ; and also according to the prevalence of habits of consumption, or parsimony ; that is, as luxury or economy prevail.'

What the author here says of the contrary effects of parsimony and luxury is very fair, and we should have been glad if he had dilated a little upon this part of his subject ; because there is a great deal of moral nonsense occasionally talked about luxury—as if people could be any way better employed than in enjoying the good things which the sunshine, and the rain prepare to cheer their spirits, enliven their imaginations, and excite their powers. The principle of parsimony, it will be evident, is directly opposite to that which we have imagined as the principle of perfect government ; for that is the principle of consumption. Now let us return to our former supposition, that every holder of produce would meet in the market with a correspondent possessor of some work of art, and that the respective properties became mutual objects of desire and exchange ; the business of each would be answered, the purposes of their lives would

go on, so long as such a course of proceedings were uninterrupted ; and the same reasoning would apply to all the individuals of a state. Let us, on the contrary, suppose, that neither of these parties, no matter whether the possessor of produce, or the artist, should resolve to dispose of his own property, but to deny himself the enjoyment of the value in exchange, preferring to treasure up the symbols of its worth in inert currency, with a view to postpone the enjoyment to some future period. This he could do, because, as the sale would be effected through the scientific exchanger, or trader, he would receive his payment where he deposited his goods ; the correspondent proprietor, however, who depended upon his custom, would be disappointed, to the exact amount of the representative signs that the niggard would withdraw from circulation.

If the practiser of parsimony had been the proprietor of produce, the artist, whose labour he discontinued to consume, would, in a variety of cases that might be put, die for want of the means to procure them ; for although a picture, a watch, a piece of broad cloth, and many other works of art could be disposed of to the merchants, and thereby delay the inconvenience to the manufacturers of such articles, much of the useful labour of civilized life is of a kind to admit of no intervention, and to perish the instant it ceases to be in demand. Such is the unfortunate condition of all artists, who take an interest in our instruction, polish, or amusement. In either case, however, the evil produces its effect, it only changes hand ; and if it does not fall upon the artist, it alights upon the trader who purchased his article. Before much mischief would have been done, the returning year would have convinced its author of the inutility of his hoard, and of the folly of dispensing with the pleasures it would purchase him. Little serious inconvenience would be experienced from such a spirit until its influence might happen to be sufficiently extensive, at any one time, to create a considerable alarm amongst the traders, on account of the accumulation of their stock, and the depreciation in its value. They would then, in a state of desperation, endeavour to avert the loss, by tempting the needy consumers to take their goods upon a promise to pay in more fortunate circumstances. This condition, as it would be impossible they could all fulfil, the order of lawyers and prison-keepers, those necessary appendages of the system of credit, would be called into action to enforce.

This new race would become a burden upon the actual labour of the nation, whilst the sum of useful articles would

be diminished by the amount of their exertions, thus withdrawn from beneficial employment. Real apprehensions would now become general; and the short-sighted policy recommended in the sayings of "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," and "how good it is to be provided against a rainy day," would excite a general desire to hoard up the value of every indulgence, that could conveniently be spared. Preceptors, dancing-masters, players, musicians, painters, and many others would be dismissed, in order to treasure up the representative value of their exertions and wants. The parsimonious would soon give proof of their thrift, in their ignorance and in the grossness and vulgarity of their manners; the others would be reduced to disease and brutality.

As all these expedients would fail, owing to the currency, which is the common amalgam of attainable and inattainable property being withdrawn from its use, traders would have no means of effecting the commutation; and alienable property thus growing upon their hands, they would devise means of indemnifying themselves, by opening an intercourse with foreigners, and sending to other nations, the stock of comforts which their own countrymen could no longer procure. The novelties that they would be able to import in exchange, would induce many of the hoarders to break up their stores, which would recover the spirits of the traders, and put things in motion again. But the possessors of mere human powers would not be in a condition to derive any benefit from the commercial prosperity, that the state would seem to enjoy; as the representative signs, the value of their wants, would be sent abroad to exchange for the alienable property of foreigners. They would be destituted by that very act. They would be disconnected and drop off from society, as over-ripe fruit falls when the principle of adhesion retires. They would be left to perish, and it would not be until the shock of their catastrophe had wrung the natural affections of the survivors, that they would pause to reflect upon the error of their speculation. The sympathies of nature and virtues of patriotism, would tend to subdue selfish inclinations, and to rouse a disposition, to encourage native talents against foreign importations; which feeling, the traders would not oppose, as their arrangements would not yet have been formed, to render foreign commerce more convenient than domestic trade. This is the crisis, when the human powers disclose their essential weakness, without the aid of social combination and experience. We do not enter into all the delicacies of this case, because we see that we have already stretched the

faculty of attention, beyond the right of our review to exact. For this reason we pass over every collateral consideration, and confine ourselves strictly to the principles that affect the question of usury.

The condition in which we are now to behold the whole population, possessing, as represented in the case we have supposed, alienable, and inalienable property, answers to our view of capitalists and paupers—having no point of union, but distresses on the one side, and sympathy on the other. Taking this view, it would appear that the human powers, however highly they might be improved, are altogether incapable of commercial exertion, that is of being brought to market; and must remain inert, and useless qualities, until they are attracted and brought into the form of practicable labour by the hoarders, either generously, or by compulsion, distributing the counters they had withdrawn from circulation; so as to assign value to efforts that may assume a sufficiently agreeable form to be entitled to a given portion of alienable property. It would be a most enlightened benevolence that would beat high enough for such an occasion. Should the subject ever become clearly understood, society would not trust its political renovation to individual diligence; but would adopt the author's suggestion of making it a principle of government to re-divide property, in order to recal the energies of all into action, for the benefit of all. Were this suggestion fairly understood, it would be seen to be little more than dividing the counters, in order that the speculators might be admitted to play, and that it would hardly affect the stakes of the game. Fixed as the affairs of men have hitherto been within the galaxy of weaknesses, the languid principle of benevolence has been left to struggle under the weight of burdens, greatly disproportionate to its power.

Loans for hire, are the consequence of states having rejected the principle of re-division recommended by Mr. Smith; for when industry discovers that money is the only solvent through which it can reduce itself into a marketable shape, it endeavours to stimulate benevolence, by offering it a part of its profits. However plausible the argument in favour of usury may be; whatever moderation there may seem in the claim of one twentieth in return; it should never be forgotten, that the interest thus given, is the reward of a crime, and a bribe for

its repetition. The end of society and government can be accomplished, only as the increase and distribution of the national stock proceed regularly; but parsimony defeats their design, by interrupting the machine destined to effect their purpose. As we have already shewn, there is no sensible motive why any man should persist in denying himself the pleasure of spending money, whilst his only choice lies between enjoying it in the current, or some future year. A species of feelings entirely new arise, the moment he learns that, by interrupting the transmission of comfort for a few years, he can appropriate the labours of other men to his use, and engross their comforts as well as his own. The order of nature, and the purpose of society and government, become from that moment reversed; and however the business of increase may proceed so as to preserve the appearance of public prosperity, that of distribution only goes on as it is the pleasure of the hoarders. Equity ceases; life becomes a uniform scene of violence, and contention; and government, losing all its power to do justice, falls a passive instrument in the hands of the parsimonious, to execute all their oppressions.

The principle of the author, as before quoted in his third 'Element' of Circulation, is infallible, 'that exchanges will be more or less frequent, as equivalents are held in possession;' but the tendency of usury to destroy this power of interchange, arises out of its very existence depending upon its interrupting the consumption of comforts, in order to store it up, to meet the imaginary wants of future years. Now supposing an equitable balance, at some time, to have been struck between human powers, and social assignments, so as to have made the currency in circulation, the measure of their relative value; it is evident, if they had kept up a just equilibrium until the practice of usury commenced, that, as soon as labour became subject to a charge of five per cent., it would lose, in little more than fourteen years, a quantity of comforts equal in value to the whole sum lent out. The evil would increase much more rapidly if the law did not confine legal interest to five per cent.; as it is, the system allows individuals to lock up the annual produce for many years to come, or, as Adam Smith expresses it, 'to barter away to foreigners the food of a thousand mouths, and to lay up its value in a pair of diamond buckles, or some such bauble.' It is no matter whether

the stock of national produce be increased; those who are the mere proprietors of human power, cannot partake of the benefit; for the whole sum paid for interest, so long as it goes on compounding, must be procured from abroad, by sending the whole quantity of comforts that the usurers wring from them, to be devoured in other countries. The value of labour will naturally sink lower and lower, until it reaches that state of fixed degradation, when it becomes a question whether it takes the largest sum to represent the comforts of a man or a horse; and the usurers having changed the feelings of nature, into simple calculation, will, whenever occasion requires, relax just so much of their claims as will keep up such a sufficient stock of sinews and bones, in the forms of men and horses, as may be necessary to perform the work that they want done.

Inconsistent as we think the spirit of usury, it would be affectation in us to express surprise at its advocates imagining the practice serviceable to mankind, or that they talk of rendering benefits by accumulating capitals. It is pretended that the usurer's loans give him a right to share in the profits of men, because such loans are the means of giving them employment; but if we examine the arguments by which this principle is supported, we shall find that the rights of money are limited by its powers, which give it correspondent duties to fulfil; and that before it acquired the artificial right that the usurer conferred upon it, he had himself placed it in a state of outlawry, by having withheld it from the performance of its duty. The witticism of Mr. Bentham, upon Aristotle's assertion, 'that all money is in its nature barren,' is a more suitable elucidation of the subject than any other, because it is relied upon by Mr. Smith as unanswerable. Mr. Bentham, he says, justly observes that there is a consideration which did not happen to present itself to that great philosopher, but which, had it presented itself, might not have been altogether unworthy of his notice. It is, that though a daric could not beget another daric, any more than it would a ram or a ewe, yet for a daric, which a man borrowed, he might get a ram and a couple of ewes; and that the ewes, were the ram left with them a certain time, would probably not be barren. Again, at the end of the year, he would find himself master of his three sheep, together with two if not three lambs, and if he sold his sheep again to pay his daric, and gave one of his lambs for the use of it, i. e. fifty or thirty-three per cent. he would be two lambs, or, at least, one lamb.

richer than if he had made no such bargain. Now the fallacy of this argument is that it attributes to money a species of fecundity, which nature has not given to it. The sheep indeed, were prolific, but they would have been so in one man's possession as well as in that of another; the power of the daric was limited to the act of removing them out of one field into a second; it could effect no more in consequence of its being lent, than it would have accomplished, if it had been exchanged; and as the power that money has of contributing towards the fecundity of other materials, is only exerted in proportion as it is the agent of bringing them into combination, so long as the daric in question had been withdrawn from circulation, with a view to give it a rentable value, it had been rather the cause of sterility than fruitfulness. We do not ascribe even this quality to parsimony, positively; for nature goes on independently of any medium of exchange. The only absolute obstacle by which parsimony impedes the course of nature, is where the state of society has given money such an empire over the concerns of its population, that neither barter nor credit can supply its place; in which case, parsimony, by withholding the medium necessary to measure the relative values of human powers, against social assignments, prevents the distribution of the society's produce; and, therefore, shortens the lives of its people, by stopping the progress of the necessaries that it designed for their support.

The strongest motives that society can have for not relaxing the laws against usury, are to be found in the reasons assigned by Mr. Smith in recommendation of the measure, 'that it would give greater inducement to small savings,' that is, would encourage a spirit of parsimony, and cherish a disposition in one half of the population to mark out the other half as its slaves. Now so far is this from being conformable with the law of nature, that nature has given her supplies annually, and has proportioned them so abundantly, that every man's powers, which are brought into exercise, shall be repaid by a sufficiency of produce, not only to supply his own wants whilst employed in cultivation, but also the wants of such a number of other men, as shall be equal to the gratification of his pleasures, his refinements, and his tastes, consistent with his health, and the natural leisure which his avocations will allow him. That nature designs all the enjoyments of life to be equal, as far as the good order of society will allow, is evident, from her having put the means both of increasing and distributing her blessings, in every man's power.

Parsimony is a term that never got admission into the vocabulary of nature, for there is, in her kingdom, no idea that it can represent. The economy of nature has forbidden its use ; and it is the spirit of usury alone, which could have called either the thing or the name into being.

Childhood and age are the only natural periods of idleness, and, for these, ample provision is made by the abundance of social assignments, into which the human powers are capable of being wrought, if used as universally as they are possessed. So to call the powers of the state into action, is the legitimate business of government. Its economy, which is involved in the two-fold functions already ascribed to it, would supersede the necessity of all individual hoarding, by taking into its own hands, the annual transmutation of productions into some form of durable wealth, in such quantities, as the most accurate science, aided by experience, should demonstrate to be sufficient for the ample supply of retiring age.—The vigour of every man's life, should contribute to augment the funds upon which he should have a claim, at a given period of life ; and the science of political economy, would be rendered practically useful, when it would have taught each individual, as perfectly as human calculation can attain, how to consume the entire produce of his own exertions, within the limits of his own life time. Widows and orphans, are very proper objects of care ; and they are objects of which any state, with a moderate share of morality, would feel itself bound to take care ; but the policy may be questioned which has a tendency to obstruct the services of the most useful and able youth from enriching, by their labour, the comforts and elegances of the public. Every young man, when he attains the age of twenty-one, meets nature with as cheerful a face, and as open a hand, as she had when his father met her at the same age. It should therefore not be concealed, that the effect of fathers making, what is called, provision for their sons, is that of circumventing the necessities of life, and of starving a given number of individuals in their own age, in order that their sons may be able to live uselessly and idly, independent of nature in the age that is to follow. This crime can be practised with greater facility in proportion as a higher interest can be procured for money ; and as the enlightened men, throughout Europe, are becoming sensible of the errors into which the policy of our ancestors has led us, we are decidedly adverse to any alteration in the law, which would multiply our difficulties.

We have bestowed, upon this article, a large portion of

attention, because, we have thought Mr. Smith's opinion, sanctioned as it is by respectable authorities, very likely to beat in unison with the avidity of the age; and because we are anxious to please the political economist upon a lofty eminence, whence, looking down upon the sinister contentions of the sordid, he may distinguish from the unbiassed decisions of truth, that artful policy, which affects to trace a public principle in every measure calculated to promote its own interests.

The author's object is to shew the effect of money, and the nature of its variations, through every known operation, from the simple state of a single family being stationed in any particular region of the earth, up to that complicated and intricate crisis in human affairs, when it becomes indispensable that a man should read, re-read, and meditate over a volume of five hundred and fifty pages, before he can understand the mysteries of laying out the price of his daily bread. This work certainly forms one of the most useful compendiums of political economy, at least as far as Currency and Finance are concerned, that has yet appeared; and if Mr. Smith delays a second edition, until he shall have gone through all the corrections which the list of emendations already given, prove him to be so capable of maturing, we think it very likely to become a standard book. Every young man who wants information relative to Money, Exchanges, Funds, Banking, Coinage, Bullion, &c. may refer to it with advantage.

ART. VII.—*The Feast of the Poets*, with Notes, and other pieces in Verse. By the Editor of the Examiner. Foolscap. 8vo. pp. 174. 6s. Cawthorn. 1814.

WE scarcely need inform our readers, that the editor of the Examiner unites, in his own person, the offices of censor morum and arbiter elegantiarum, and regards 'men of women born' as if he had been dipped in the Styx. The publication of a poem by a critic of such appalling pretensions, is an event of no small importance; for, to use his own words, he must now 'submit to be criticised as a poet himself, and the necessity is rather perplexing to one who has been making so free with others, and who scarcely considers himself as having finished his own studies in poetry.' There is a constitutional quality in this gentleman which operates so undisguisedly—a frankness of assumption, which proves him to be on such excellent

terms with himself, that we hear of his perplexity with a most satisfied persuasion of its philosophical endurance. We rejoice at the fact; for what can accompany a cavalier disregard for the feelings of others more contemptible than a shrinking apprehension for self? On the contrary, a little solemn coxcombry, when united to ability and good intention is pardonable enough; and possibly not the less palatable for a slight perception of the ridiculous which attends our regard of it. It is the foible of Mr. Hunt to think himself able to rectify public opinion upon all points, moral, political, and literary; and he proceeds upon this opinion with the most edifying gravity and single mindedness. We know not in point of fact whether there is much difference between his way of advising the world, and that which keeps self out of sight; but in point of form there certainly is; and modesty, if not a virtue, is a grace.

The 'Feast of the Poets' first appeared in a magazine which has ceased to exist, called 'the Reflector;' and is republished in consequence of having attracted some favourable attention through that medium, and, possibly, also to attach to it no small portion of spare criticism in the way of note. It is planned, as Mr. Hunt observes, on a poetical invention of Italian origin, which brings down Apollo, in person, to exercise the functions of his godhead, in adjusting the claims and precedence of his votaries below. Like the Probationary Odes, Rejected Addresses, &c. of the present day, the idea has been more than once adopted, by men of wit and the town, to satirize and display their acumen at the expence of their contemporaries; as in the instances of the Session of the Poets, the Trial for the Bays, and the Election for a Laureat, of Suckling, Rochester, and Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. Mr. Hunt's employment of the thought is precisely similar; except that conceiving it capable of more poetical embellishment than it has hitherto received, he endeavours to unite the familiar with the fanciful, and to combine playfulness and humour with sentiment and grace. Although the satisfied flippancy, so peculiarly his own, is always distinguishable, and the *stolenliness* he has remarked in his predecessors not entirely avoided, his labour is by no means thrown away. Whether his deity descends for purposes worthy of a god or not, may be difficult to determine, but he certainly assumes the manner and appearance of one. Of his judgment in the due distribution of fame and favour, we foresee great difference of opinion; but the spirit and vivacity with which he is made to pronounce it, and the happy combination of his *tout ensemble* will be admitted by all.

After this explanation, it is scarcely necessary to add, that the 'Feast' is given by Apollo; and that the selection of the guests, is the business of the poem. To give meaning to a few extracts, we will briefly narrate incidents of the day; reserving our sentiments upon Mr. Hunt's poetical predilections until we consider the notes. Some of them are displayed in the very opening. For instance, Apollo, when he announces his intention to visit the bards of a country, which, since the days of Milton and Dryden, he had very much neglected, thus speaks of some names of great celebrity.

'There was Collins, 'tis true, had a good deal to say;
But the rogue had no industry,—neither had Gray;
And Thomson, though best in his indolent fits,
Either slept himself weary, or bloated his wits.
But ever since Pope spoil'd the ears of the town
With his cuckoo-song verses, half up and half down,
There has been such a doling and sameness,—by Jove,
I'd as soon have gone down to see Kemble in love.
However, of late as they've rous'd them anew,
I'll e'en go and give them a lesson or two,
And as nothing's done there now-a-days without eating,
See what kind of set I can muster worth treating.
So saying, the God bade his horses walk for'ard,
And leaving them, took a long dive to the nor'ard:
For Gordon's he made; and as Gods who drop in do,
Came smack on his legs through the drawing-room window.'

Some sprightly lines follow, describing the effect of his presence upon the town, after which we are told that—

'Apollo arriv'd had no sooner embodied
His essence ethereal, than quenching his godhead
He chang'd his appearance—to—what shall I say?'

We will not repeat what Mr. Hunt has said, because we think his similes unfortunate; and particularly one in which the god is compared to *young* Alfred, by whom we are to understand, king Alfred in the days of his youth. Now the ideas suggested by a mention of this justly venerated character, have so little relation to personal beauty, that it scarcely enters into our conception of him; and we are convinced, that three out of four who read this poem, will pause before they comprehend who the *young* Alfred is whom Apollo resembles. But however the poet may fail in the way of illustration, his direct portraiture of the god of intellect is eminently happy.

' Imagine however, if shape there must be,
 A figure sublim'd above mortal degree,
 His limbs the perfection of elegant strength,—
 A fine flowing roundness inclining to length,—
 A back dropping in,—an expansion of chest,
 (For the God, you'll observe, like his statues was drest)
 His throat like a pillar for smoothness and grace,
 His curls in a cluster,—and then such a face,
 As mark'd him at once the true offspring of Jove,
 The brow all of wisdom, and lips all of love;
 For though he was blooming, and oval of cheek,
 And youth down his shoulders went smoothing and sleek,
 Yet his look with the reach of past ages was wise,
 And the soul of eternity thought through his eyes.'

The thought in the next half score lines is also very pretty, although we suspect, as Mr. Hunt appears to do himself, that it operates as an anticlimax.

' I would not say more, lest my climax should lose;—
 Yet now I have mention'd those lamps of the Muse,
 I can't but observe what a splendour they shed,
 When a thought more than common came into his head:
 Then they leap'd in their frankness, deliciously bright,
 And shot round about them an arrowy light;
 And if, as he shook back his hair in it's cluster,
 A curl fell athwart them and darken'd their lustre,
 A sprinkle of gold through the duskiness came,
 Like the sun through a tree, when he's setting in flame.'

Apollo has no sooner sat down, than he is intruded upon by a mob of dramatists, whom he mistakes for the waiters, and who, in consequence, retire in great confusion. These gentlemen Mr. Hunt never spares, possibly, because he is well read, and knows to whom forgiveness belongs;

Forgiveness to the injured does belong,
 They never pardon who commit the wrong.

We may lash the writer until we persecute the man; and, at all events, there is but little merit in slaying the slain. The editor of the *Examiner* triumphs too much in the manner of Achilles over Hector, for the generosity of modern warfare, either with the pen or the sword. He himself acknowledges, that in the mention of one gentleman, he has infringed upon courtesy and decorum; and with much politeness, promises relief—in a second edition. For the present the offended personage must be content, right or wrong, to lumber 'like a bear up,' because a brother dramatist is really afflicted with a habit of 'patting his hair up.' Messrs. Sheridan and

Colman are also adverted to with a licence far more than poetical. There is a mode of alluding to facts and failings, which, as it can merely wound the feelings of individuals, without the slightest possibility of public benefit, the dignity of legitimate satire should disclaim. The chief argument for that construction of the law of libel, of which the Editor of the Examiner has more than once complained, is the alleged necessity of repressing a spirit of unavailing recrimination and detraction, at once inimical to the peace of society, and injurious to its temper and habits. As this plea is not without weight, it is with more than common concern we ever perceive it strengthened by the conduct of its most high-toned opposers.

The next incident is the presentation of three cards to Apollo, from Spenser, Rogers, and Montgomery, who are invited to tea. The porter at the same time inform him, that a person named Crabbe is in waiting, and has taken a chair in the kitchen. The god directs that he may remain there, but at the same time, orders him a part of the fare from the table. Mr. Hayley is then introduced with great humour; but we cannot say much for the civility of his dismissal.

‘ A soft, smiling voice then arose on the ear,
 As if some one from court was about to appear :—
 ‘ Oh, this is the room, my good friend? Ah I see it is ;—
 Room, sure enough, for the best-bred of deities !’
 Then came a whisper,—and then was a hush,—
 And then, with a sort of a look of a blush,
 Came in Mr. Hayley, all polish’d confusion,
 And said, *Will Apollo excuse this intrusion?*
 I might have kept back,—but I thought ’twould look odd,—
 And friendship, you know,—pray how is my dear God ?’
 A smile, followed up by a shake of the head,
 Cross’d the fine lip of Phœbus, who view’d him, and said,—
 ‘ I’ll give you a lesson, Sir, quite your own seeking,
 And one that you very much want,—on plain speaking.
 Pray have you to learn,—and at this time of day,
 That your views on regard have been all the wrong way ?
 One ten thousandth part of the words and the time
 That you’ve wasted on praises instead of your rhyme,
 Might have gained you a title to this kind of freedom ;
 But volumes of endings, lugg’d in as you need’em,
 Of *hearts* and *imparts*, where’s the soul that can read’em ?’ }
 So saying, his eye so alarmingly shone,
 That ere it could wink, the poor devil was gone.’

Mr. Hayley is succeeded by Scott, Campbell, and Moore

These, with Southey, whom we will speak of presently, are honored with a seat at the table. Their style of reception is tolerably characteristic, and will be best exemplified by the address of Phœbus to Moore. By-the bye, there must be a something in the latter which wonderfully attaches his companions, for he is always complimented with a warmth that bespeaks affection. We suspect that he is not a critic.

‘ The poet to this was about to reply,
When Moore, coming in, caught the Deity’s eye,
Who gave him his hand, and said, ‘ Shew me a sight
That can give a divinity sounder delight,
Or that earth should more prize from it’s core to the poles,
Than the self-improved morals of elegant souls.
Repentant I speak it,—though when I was wild,
My friends should remember the world was a child,—
That customs were diff’rent, and young people’s eyes
Had no better examples than those in the skies.
But soon as I learnt how to value these doings,
I never much valued your billings and cooings;
They only make idle the best of my race;
And since my poor Daphne turned tree in my face,
There are very few poets, whose caps or whose curls
Have obtained such a laurel by hunting the girls.
So it gives me, dear Tom, a delight beyond measure,
To find how you’ve mended your notions of pleasure;
For never was poet, whose fanciful hours
Could bask in a richer abstraction of bowers,
With sounds and with spirits, of charm to detain
The wonder-eyed soul in their magic domain;
And never should poet, so gifted and rare,
Pollute the bright Eden Jove gives to his care,
But love the fair Virtue, for whom it is given,
And keep the spot pure for the visits of heaven.’

Mr. Southey makes his appearance, surrounded by his brethren of the Lakes, and others. The god receives him with pleasure, but is determined not to be plagued with his satellites;

‘ These heroes however, long used to attack,
Were not by contempt to be so driven back,
But follow’d the God up, and shifting their place,
Stood full in his presence, and look’d in his face;
When one began spouting the cream of orations
In praise of bombarding one’s friends and relations;
And t’other some lines he had made on a straw,
Shewing how he had found it, and what it was for,

And how, when 'twas balanc'd, it stood like a spell !—
 And how, when 'twas balanc'd no longer, it fell !
 A wild thing of scorn he describ'd it to be,
 But he said it was patient to heaven's decree :—
 Then he gaz'd upon nothing, and looking forlorn,
 Dropt a *natural* tear for *that wild thing of scorn* !
 Apollo half laughed betwixt anger and mirth,
 And cried, ' Was there ever such trifling on earth ?'

It is almost unnecessary to observe that this arrow is intended for Wordsworth, concerning whom, however, Mr. Hunt has been wonderfully illuminated since the ' Feast of the Poets ' appeared in the Reflector. He was then laughed at without qualification ; he is *now* denied entertainment, but sent home in a cloud which had wrapped the shoulders of Phœbus himself. The rest attempting to stand their ground are forced out of the presence by an exertion of the godhead, which is at once poetically conceived and beautifully described.

' But the rest of Bob's friends, too ambitious to flinch,
 Stood fixing their faces, and stirred not an inch ;
 While Sam, looking soft and politely dejected,
 Confess'd with a sigh, that 'twas what he expected,
 Since Phœbus had fatally learnt to confide in
 Such prozers as Johnson, and rhymers as Dryden.'
 But wrath seiz'd Apollo ;—and turning again,
 ' Whatever,' he cried, ' were the faults of such men,
 Ye shall try, wretched mortals, how well ye can bear
 What Dryden has witness'd, unsuote with despair.'

' He said ; and the place all seem'd swelling with light,
 While his locks and his visage grew awfully bright ;
 And clouds, burning inward, roll'd round on each side,
 To encircle his state, as he stood in his pride ;
 Till at last the full Deity put on his rays,
 And burst on the sight in the pomp of his blaze !
 Then a glory beam'd round, as of fiery rods,
 With the sound of deep organs and chorister gods ;
 And the faces of bards, glowing fresh from their skies,
 Came thronging about with intentness of eyes,—
 And the nine were all heard, as the harmony swell'd,—
 And the spheres, pealing in, the long rapture upheld,—
 And all things, above, and beneath, and around,
 Seem'd a world of bright vision, set floating in sound.

' That sight and that music might not be sustain'd
 But by those who a glory like Dryden's had gain'd ;
 And even the four who had graciousness found,
 After gazing awhile, bow'd them down to the ground,
 What then could remain for that feeble-eyed crew ?
 Through the door in an instant they rush'd and they flew.'

The festivity then commences, and is described with great elegance and invention but is so connected as to preclude extract; the toasts after dinner excepted. They are in Mr. Hunt's best manner.

‘ I must mention, however, that during the wine,
The mem’ry of Shakspeare was toasted with nine;
When lo, as each poet was lifting his cup,
A strain of invisible music struck up:—
’Twas a mixture of all the most exquisite sounds
To be heard upon earthly or fanciful grounds,
When poms or when passions their coming declare,
Or there’s something at work in the moonshiny air;
For the trumpet sprang out, with a fierce-flowing blast,
And the hautboys lamentingly mingled, and pass’d,
Till a smile-drawing sweetness stole in at the close
With the breathing of flutes and the smoothing of bows,
And Ariel was heard singing thinly and soft,
Then with tricksy tenuity vanish’d aloft.
The next name was Milton, and six was the shout,
When bursting at once in its mightiness out,
The organ came gath’ring and rolling its thunder;
Yet wanted not intervals, calmer of wonder,
Nor stops of low sweetness, like winds when they fall,
Nor voices Elysian, that came with a call.
Then followed my Spenser, with five to his share,
And the light neighing trumpet leap’d freshly on air,
With preludes of flutes as to open a scene,
And pipes with coy snatches that started between,
Till sudden it stopped,—and you heard a dim strain,
Like the shell of old Triton far over the main.’

A slight hit or two at the peculiarities of Messieurs Scott and Southey, are followed by songs from Mr. Moore and the deity; and the conviviality and the poem, thus playfully conclude.

‘ Thus chatting and singing they sat till eleven,
When Phoebus shook hands, and departed for heaven;
‘ For poets,’ he said, ‘ who would cherish their powers,
And hop’d to be deathless, must keep to good hours.’
So off he betook him the way that he came,
And shot up the north, like an arrow of flame;
For the Bear was his inn; and the comet, they say,
Was his tandem in waiting to fetch him away.
‘ The others then parted, all highly delighted;
And so shall I be, when you find me invited.’

It may be discovered by these extracts, that Mr. Hunt has operated upon a trite thought, and an almost worn out ma-

chinery with considerable novelty and elegance ; and that he has not attempted to decide upon poetry without displaying the talents of a poet. He has justly observed in his notes, that ' the chief merit which is expected in these kind of verses is idiomatical easiness ; ' we will not therefore dwell upon a little occasional coarseness, which, we presume, this intimation is to account for and defend. By this specimen and the translations appended to it, some idea may be formed of the character of Mr. Hunt's poetical tact, and consequently of what the more elaborate production he promises is likely to be. The more elevated regions of fancy he will certainly aim at ; but we greatly fear, that the habits of criticism, in which he has so much indulged, will impede his flight. Besides we half suspect the progression of this gentlemen altogether has been rather from art to nature, than from nature to art, that his conception of human nature has been, in a great degree, borrowed from the stage ; and his taste and combination, from the picture gallery and modelling room. We imagine we can perceive in him a much greater regard to the manners and habits of man, than to the passions and affections which are the cause of them—to the light, shade, colour, and graceful exterior of nature, rather than to its general variety. If effects follow causes, this should presume elegance, and fine taste, with a deficiency in strength and anatomy. What Lord Byron wants, says Mr. Hunt, is fancy as distinguished from passion ; what he himself will probably want, is directly the reverse. We conceive both are requisite to a great poet ; but we rank the second decidedly before the first.

The notes take up much more than half the volume, and are written with an elegant and conversational flow, which, could it keep clear of asperity and personality, would be particularly engaging. The impression that we get up with from their perusal, is mixed and indefinable. Our admiration of the refined taste and happy use of reading of the author, can only be exceeded by our astonishment at the ease and nonchalance with which he pronounces on the merits of his contemporaries, and the *sit you down there* kind of authority wherewith he marshals and arranges them. Were it their literary pretensions only that he considered, the mode of it would be still extraordinary ; but Mr. Hunt brings them before the public in any manner he thinks proper, and with such an extreme carelessness of their feelings either as men, or as authors, that we are quite at a loss to comprehend upon what principle he can justify it. That, according to his own confession, he can be at times exceedingly hasty, and

unqualified, is evident from his acknowledgment with respect to Mr. Wordsworth, whom, in the first publication of this poem, he almost regarded as a driveller, and in these notes calls the *first poet* of the age. The apology Mr. Hunt makes for this instance of precipitation, and for his general style of observation, is as curious a proof of a want of self-knowledge, as the one related by Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, of her husband, the warrior duke; who, in clearing his character to his mistress, queen Anne, piously thanked God that whatever else his enemies might lay to his charge, they could not accuse him of *avarice or ambition*. 'When he gravely told me of this sally, I could scarcely help laughing in his face,' writes the Duchess; and we think the world, when it reads the following passage, pleading an avoidance of *personality*, will serve the author of 'A surprising new Ballad,' on a most strange and wonderful creature now exhibiting in Westminster,' in the same manner.

'What praise or censure he may have bestowed on any one, has, at least, the merit of being sincere. He has many warm feelings upon every subject of public concern, poetical as well as political; but none, he trusts, of an ill-tempered, still less of a personal nature, and least of all, if possible, towards such persons as might be supposed the most to have excited them. For some of these persons, who are men of virtue as well as ability, he has all the respect which their own eccentricities will allow; and for others, who have neither ability nor virtue, his pity stands in the place of a higher feeling, and he can forgive to their common nature as men, what he must not overlook in their example as characters.'

The most happy effort in these notes, is a discussion on that poetical theory of Mr. Wordsworth, which has divided the readers of poetry into two factions, whom Mr. Hunt seems desirous of reconciling. We agree with him entirely in the following advice, and think the bard to whom it is addressed, cannot do better than attend to it. With great respect however, for the powers which Mr. Wordsworth indisputably possesses, the concluding compliment appears altogether extravagant; and we should have preferred a little analysis to shew us in what particular he resembles Shakspeare.

'To conclude this inordinate note: Mr Wordsworth, in objecting to one extreme, has gone to another,—the natural commencement perhaps of all revolutions. He thinks us over-active, and would make us over-contemplative,—a fault not likely to extend very widely, but which ought still to be deprecated for the sake of those to whom it would. We are, he thinks, too much crowded together, and too

subject, in consequence, to high-fevered tastes and worldly infections. Granted:—he, on the other hand, lives too much apart; and is subject, we think, to low-fevered tastes and solitary morbidities;—but as there is health in both of us, suppose both parties strike a bargain, —he to come among us a little more and get a true sense of our action, —we to go out of ourselves a little oftener and acquire a taste for his contemplation. We will make more holidays into nature with him; but he, in fairness, must earn them, as well as ourselves, by sharing our working-days:—we will emerge oftener into his fields, sit dangling our legs over his stiles, and cultivate a due respect for his daffodils; but he, on the other hand, must grow a little better acquainted with our streets, must put up with our lawyers, and even find out a heart or so among our politicians:—in short, we will recollect that we have hearts and brains, and will feel and ponder a little more to purify us as spirits; but he will be good enough, in return, to cast an eye on his hand and muscles, and consider that the putting these to their purposes is necessary to complete our part in this world as organized bodies.

‘Here is the good to be done on both sides; and as society, I believe, would be much bettered in consequence, so there is no man, I am persuaded, more capable than Mr. Wordsworth, upon a better acquaintance with society, to do it the service. Without that acquaintance, his reputation in poetry may be little more salutary than that of an Empedocles in philosophy or a Saint Francis in religion:—with it, he might revive the spirit, the glory, and the utility of a Shakspear.’

We go beyond Mr. Hunt, and are of opinion that, not only an intimate intercourse with general society is essential to the poetical character, but, that the greatest poets have been uniformly *men of the world*. That so far from a fastidious seclusion from the busy haunts, being favourable to the highest efforts of genius, those who have been most enabled to avoid them, are decidedly inferior, even in the delineation of the primitive feelings and associations, to which Mr. Wordsworth would exclusively confine us. In a word, it is necessary to study the artificial, in order to understand the natural man; to observe what humanity may become, to comprehend what it is. The first among the bards of our own country, Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden, all of them performed active parts in the drama of life; and it is not unlikely that a nice attention to the character and situation of the greatest poets in all ages, would convince us that pre-eminent genius, like exalted virtue, has flourished most amidst the difficulties which prove fatal to a more moderate degree of either.

ART. VIII.—A Treatise on the Defence of Fortified Places.

Written under the direction and published by command of Buonaparté, for the instruction and guidance of the officers of the French Army. By M. Carnot. Translated from the French, by Lieut. Col. Baron de Montalembert, permanent Assistant Quarter Master General. Octavo. pp. 254. Egerton, 1814.

THE French government, for the purpose of impressing the importance of their functions on the minds of military men entrusted with the defence of fortified places, employed M. Carnot to compose the present work. It is divided into eleven chapters; the eight first compose the first part, which is illustrative of the position that any officer, entrusted with the defence of a place, must resolve to perish rather than surrender. The remaining three chapters compose the second part, 'on the means afforded by industry, to ensure the best method of defending fortified places'. From the principles treated upon in the work, the conclusion is drawn that, in the defence of fortified places, valour, unsupported by industry, is insufficient; united they are invincible.—'Valour!—Industry! the whole defence of fortified places consists in these two words.'—The title of this book, recommended by the French government to the use of its army, excites strong interest at this time from the signal resistance of several fortresses held by French officers during the present hostilities. M. Carnot enables us to present the 'Lettres patentes' constituting General Colaud, governor of Antwerp, containing instructions for his conduct in its defence; which, with variations adapted to the localities of other fortified places, may be considered as a precedent of the 'lettres patentes' granted to all officers in the French service, commanding fortresses.

“ NAPOLEON, by the Grace of God, &c. &c.

“ The town of *Antwerp* being declared in a state of siege, we have resolved to nominate and appoint for its commander a distinguished officer, whose zeal and fidelity has been tried in many actions.

“ We have taken into our consideration the services of the general of division *Senator COLAUD*, and we have appointed him, and hereby do appoint him, 'commandant of the place of *Antwerp*,' now in a state of siege. Conformably to our decree of the 11th instant, by which he is appointed governor of the said place, we order him to be there by the _____, and never to go beyond a musket shot of the ramparts of its advanced works; frequently to inspect and visit the provisions for the garrison, and the magazines for the artillery, and to take care that they are abundantly supplied, and secure from the attacks of the enemy as well as from the weather. We enjoin him

of the place, and also to ensure provisions for the inhabitants, even greater in proportion than those for the garrison. He will employ, within forty-eight hours after his arrival at *Antwerp*, commissioners, civil and military, to ascertain and certify that the said supplies are actually in the place: he will oblige the inhabitants to provide themselves with buckets, and to keep them constantly filled with water: three inspectors appointed to each street, will make domiciliary visits to see that this order is attended to: he will take care that the engines be in the best possible state; they will be stationed as a sort of reserve, and as much as possible sheltered from the enemy's fire. He will take the necessary measures to augment their number. He will give directions to collect a great quantity of fascines, palisades, and also all the timber for '*blindages*,' that can possibly be procured.

"We order him to preserve the place, and never to think of surrendering it on any pretence whatsoever: in case of its being invested and blockaded, he must be deaf to all reports from the enemy. He must equally resist insinuations and attacks, and never suffer his courage to droop. His constant rule must be to have as little communication with the enemy as possible. He will always bear in mind the dreadful and inevitable consequences of disobedience to our orders, or of neglect in the execution of his duties. He must never forget that, in losing our esteem, he incurs the severity of military law; and that this law condemns him, and his staff, to death, if he surrenders the place; even if two lunettes were taken and a practicable breach made in the body of the place. In case the enemy should have blown up the counter-scarp, he must prevent the consequences that might result from this, by intrenching himself in the interior of the bastions. In short, we most positively do order and command him to run the chances of an assault, for the purpose of protracting his defence, and increasing the loss of the enemy. He must recollect that a Frenchman should think his life of no value, the moment it is put in competition with his honour; this idea must be to him, and his subordinate officers, the main spring of all his actions; and as the reduction of the place must be the last term of his efforts, and the result of the total impossibility to resist any longer, we forbid him to accelerate that unfortunate event by his consent, even by one hour, and under pretence of obtaining an honourable capitulation.

"We direct that whenever the Council of Defence shall be called together to consult on the operations, these '*lettres patentes*' shall be read in an audible and intelligible voice."

'Given this 11th day of August 1809, and of our reign the 6th.'

M. Carnot concludes, from the authorities he cites, and his general reasonings, that a good garrison entrusted with the defence of a fortified place can, as long as supplied with provisions and ammunition, successfully resist a besieging army ten times its number; and, ultimately effect its destruction. He enumerates various means adopt-

ed by an enemy, to obtain the speedy surrender of fortified towns, and the signal success of his own countrymen in employing threats and bombardments in the early part of the revolutionary war.

‘ The most striking instance of the effect produced by threats, was that which restored us the four towns of Valenciennes, Condé, Le Quesnoy and Landrecies.—After the battle of Fleurus, the enemy having been repulsed to some distance, we immediately formed the blockade of these four towns; Landrecies and Le Quesnoy were soon reduced by regular attacks: but the most important and most difficult to take, still remained: particularly Valenciennes, which had been completely repaired by the enemy, was abundantly supplied, had a numerous garrison, and an immense train of artillery. On our side, we had no means whatever to form a regular siege; hardly could we hope to maintain the blockade, being in absolute want of the necessary “material” for it; still it was of the utmost importance to us, to retake those places without loss of time, in order to reinforce, with the troops employed in the blockade, the army which acted offensively against the enemy, and which was greatly in want of support. Under all these circumstances, we determined to summon the garrison. The violence of our threats was in proportion to our inability of undertaking any thing whatever; fortunately these fortresses surrendered, their garrisons were made prisoners, and the enemy lost, in one moment, the fruit of this campaign.—Our detached divisions joined the main army; and from this day, we had a superiority over the coalesced powers, which we maintained during the year.

‘ The same war furnishes us with another instance to this effect: in 1795 we were endeavouring to find a passage across the Rhine, and to procure ourselves a tête-de-pont on the right bank, which was entirely occupied by the enemy, whilst we were posted on the left: we merely established a mortar-battery, close on the bank of the river, facing Mannheim. We judged that the town, although fortified according to Cohörn, would not resist a bombardment, in consequence of the magnificent edifices it contained, which the inhabitants would not suffer to be destroyed.—And so it proved, for we had hardly begun to open fire, when the place surrendered, which procured us at once an excellent tête-de-pont.’

The greatest part of the work is occupied by accounts of sieges, some of which appear irrelevant to the illustration of their object; and most, if not all, must be well known to every tolerably informed military man. The book is drawn up in a popular way, calculated to impress young officers with the importance of obstinately defending a place, and making intelligent individuals, amongst the inhabitants, acquainted with the views upon which the defence is conducted. As a compendium of

historical facts, and of the results of the military theory of defence, it is likely to be well received; but it is principally valuable for acquainting us with the principles employed by the French, for holding out during an unusual length of time, in situations which were *calculated* upon being carried with comparative facility.

With a view to lessen the size and price of the work, the translator has omitted several of the less interesting sieges; three memoirs at the end of the original, which having been written expressly for engineers, were not necessarily connected with the publication; the compliments paid to Buonaparté; and some of the redundant arguments and instructions. The translation is dedicated to Field Marshal the Duke of York.

ART. IX.—*Copies of the Original Letters and Despatches of the Generals, Ministers, Grand Officers of State, &c.; at Paris, to the Emperor Napoleon, at Dresden; intercepted by the advanced Troops of the Allies, in the North of Germany.* Octavo. pp. 384. 9s. Murray, 1814.

WHILST the Emperor Napoleon was at Dresden in the latter end of the year 1813, 'the Cossacks, who have a peculiar talent for this sort of capture,' possessed themselves of a great quantity of letters and dispatches addressed from Paris, to 'His Imperial and Royal Majesty's' head quarters; and from these, but particularly from the produce of a single express, the correspondence published in this volume is selected and arranged under these heads—Napoleon Family—Great Affairs of State—Diplomacy—Military Service—Ministers of the Interior, and of France—Extracts from Private Letters—Police. The letters are given, as written, in French; the translations follow.

Mr. A. W. Schlegel, a writer celebrated in German literature, is understood to have edited the publication, and written the introduction from which an extract follows:

'The editor answers for its exact authenticity. The official despatches are given entire. Care has been taken to mark all the omissions that have been judged necessary in the private letters; but these omissions are such as never to alter the sense of what it has been judged proper to communicate to the public. The publication is made from copies: the originals are carefully deposited, to be preserved and produced when occasion requires.

'We are, assuredly, doing no wrong to Buonaparté's government in

making it known by its own acts: dressed out in all its ornaments, surrounded by artificial forms, it will, perhaps, appear less formidable to uninitiated readers, than in the frightful reality. When despotism has introduced itself in the midst of a very refined civilization, we are not to expect that it will speak the language of tyrants in tragedies. On the contrary, it walks on tiptoe in woollen shoes; reserve and mystery are its essential characteristics; it carries with it an infinity of things understood, but never articulated, even by its most confidential instruments.'

It is not too much to say of Mr. Schlegel's introduction, that it is eloquent, and breathes highly patriotic sentiments of disdain against the despotism of Buonaparté, and his lust of continental dominion. The feelings in which they originate, are, beyond doubt, prevalent throughout the civilized world; and are the surest guarantee of ultimate success in the contest.

The first letter in the work, is from H. M. of Westphalia, to H. I. and R. M.; detailing the operations which caused his evacuation of Cassel. The next letter, relating to H. M. of Spain, King Joseph, we extract, it is from

' *The Senator Count Roederer, Secretary of State to the Grand Duchy of Berg, to the Count Dumas, General of Division, Intendant-General of the Army.*

' *Paris, 29th September, 1813.*

' *My Dear General,*

' I received at Cherbourg: the letter you did me the honor to write to me from Dresden on the 18th of August. I wished not to answer it till I should be in readiness to execute the commission with which it charges me to the King of Spain. Yesterday, and the day before, I passed at Mortefontaine. I read his Majesty the few lines in which you express your sentiments towards him, and your wishes for his prosperity. The King appeared very sensible of them, and charged me to thank you. His Majesty is very well, and has grown fat since his arrival at Mortefontaine. They lead the same sort of life there that you remember: they breakfast in some summer house; they hunt, fish, sail, say not a word about business, dine, play at billiards, and go to bed. The King maintains himself strictly incognito from all the world, and receives neither ministers, nor senators, nor counsellors of state, nor military men; in short nobody. You must perceive that his present situation, and the Emperor's absence, render this conduct, in some sort, necessary. The Princess Zenaïde is little, round, well formed, well educated, and speaks with a great deal of good sense, and much to the purpose. It is not easy to see what hinders her from getting a husband. The other is still very thin, but sensible. The King seems to be well satisfied with a private life; at least, he is much at his ease, and wears the appearance of its being altogether to his taste.

He retains his former affability, as the Queen does her natural discernment, her quickness of penetration, and her good sense, well seasoned, but without venom.

' You had the kindness to give me the first news of my son since his captivity: this authorizes me to mention him to you. He wrote to me on the 19th of June. They were then making dispositions for the removal of their prisoners into the interior. He was in hopes of obtaining permission to go to Petersburg: but if much supplication is necessary for that purpose, you know him, he will not employ it. He was in good health, and had received the money which I remitted to him, but had heard no news either of me or of any other person in France.

' Accept, my dear General, the kind assurances of my inviolable attachment and high respect.

' ROEDERER.'

Numerous letters from the relations of officers and persons attached to the army, express anxiety for the persons to whom they are addressed, or request information concerning others of whom no accounts have been received, and generally conclude with prayers for peace. One or two of these, suffice for a specimen.

' *To Count Dumas, Intendant General of the Grand Army.*

' *Ceuilly, the 27th September.*

' Sir, and dear Cousin,

' You saw my brother during his stay at Dresden, and might judge of the condition to which he has been reduced by the cruel wound which he received. I do not think that he will ever be fit for service again; for, instead of getting better, his mouth is in a worse state than at the time of his arrival; eight teeth which were loosened by the ball, seem likely to fall out, and six, which he has already lost, renders it impossible for him to eat any thing but soup and the soft crumb of bread; and you know that, during a campaign, it is not easy, especially for a sub-lieutenant, to procure all these things.

' I beseech you, then, my dear cousin, to let me know what means I should employ to procure for him his half-pay, and one of the situations which the Emperor deigns to grant to his wounded officers. I should be highly obliged to you if you could render him this service; he, on his side, will do all which depends on him to fill respectably whatever situation he may obtain, &c.'

' *To Monsieur de Luppé.*

' *The 28th Sept.*

' You give me, my friend, a shocking commission, which I have not yet had the courage to execute. How shall I announce to this unhappy woman the most dreadful misfortune? I have no need to

make myself sad; I have been quite enough so for six months past. However, I shall try and take courage, and announce, as gently as possible, to Madame C., the death of her son. For my part I regret him sincerely; his place will not be easily supplied. Besides, I have been the cause of misfortune to two Aides-de-Camp, whom I recommended to the General.....

‘.....There is a talk to-day of peace. I dare not yield to so sweet a hope, but I trust, at least, that I shall see my poor husband again during the winter quarters. I can bear it no longer. I have been now six months without him, and nobody knows but myself what I have suffered.

‘I beseech you, my dear, to give me some intelligence of General Taviel; I fear that some misfortune has happened to him. He no longer sends me any letters for his wife, who is cruelly uneasy. She is continually coming to see me, and I cannot calm her. Tell me immediately if this General is well.’

The letters that follow, denote the writers to be soldiers; and are strongly characteristic, particularly the last:

‘*Eugene de Boinville to the Baron de Sparre, with the Spanish Army.*

‘*Near Pilnitz, 22 Sept. 1813.*

‘I have not for a long time, General, seen any news from Spain in the papers. I do not imagine that Marshal Soult has had any great success. On the other side, they say here, that a great part of the army of Spain is about to join us. It is to be wished that the whole would do so; for our *muchachos* (young recruits) play a deplorable part with the Cossacks, of whom the infantry are more afraid than if they were so many devils.

‘I will not conceal from you that I often regret Spain. We are passing a very severe campaign here, painful, fatiguing, and wearisome; there is nothing at all pleasant in it. For two months we have constantly gone over the same ground, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other. We are always in motion without a moment's pause; often nothing to eat, nothing to drink: we are also not without sickness, and the poor infantry can bear up no longer.

‘All the world wishes for peace, and God knows when we shall have it! it is not easily brought about; and no events seem to tend towards it. There is a great deal of mischief done, without any thing decisive. We have, it is true, won the battle of Dresden, but the affairs of General Vandamme, the Duke of Tarento, and the Duke of Reggio, have counteracted all the advantages that ought to have resulted from that victory. All Saxony is laid waste, and it is impossible for us to pass the winter there.’

' *Captain de Cussy to the Baron de Cussy, Prefect of the Palace, at Paris.*

' *Mombac, Sept. 23, 1813.*

' You know that the army of General Vandamme has been entirely destroyed; our two battalions made part of it. They suffered so severely that they have scarcely been able to form one battalion out of them since the action. We have had 14 officers put *hors de combat*. You see our regiment has not been fortunate. The Emperor has reviewed us, and to console us said, "if you have been defeated, it was because you were badly commanded; but the next time you shall be under my orders, and I hope that you will do better." There has been no news from the army these eight days.'

' *To N. N.*

' (The cover of this letter was lost.)

' *Sept 29.*

' I believe that your ideas are not violently turned towards gallantry, although you live at present in a country which must recal some happy recollections to you, and which, but for unfavourable circumstances might still furnish you with opportunities of passing your time agreeably. We shall return to it again, I hope; but, in waiting mean time for that happy period of caresses, let us fight as hard as we can, let us make as many prisoners as we can, let us take as many cannon as we can; in short, let us take the devil and hell; and when there shall be nothing more to take, we will take our repose. It is a period at which I heartily wish we were arrived. Do they talk enough nonsense here? I believe so, indeed; but it is not the less true that this produces a very bad effect on the public effects; and it is very unfortunate, since nothing but misery can be the result of such reports. When this is finished we shall be all very glad, my poor friend; we shall at least be able to see each other, and enjoy a little of this life, which ought to be passed only in pleasure, considering that is of so short a duration.'

That part of the Correspondence which relates to State Affairs, is remarkable for minuteness of detail, particularly the reports of the ministers to the Emperor. These were probably read by him for the first time, in the work that Mr. Schlegel did himself the honour of compiling, for the information of all Europe. There is, however, so little of that kind of matter which is commonly called curious, and entertaining, and which people in general expect to find, in *Intercepted Correspondence*, that notwithstanding the great importance of this to the allies, at the time of its seizure, its publication will be interesting to very few English readers.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

THEOLOGY.

ART. 10.—*A Practical Treatise on the ordinary operations of the Holy Spirit.* By the Rev. G. S. Faber, B. D. Rector of Long Newton, in the County and Diocese of Durham. Octavo. pp. 276. 7s. Rivingtons, 1813.

MR. FABER affirms the necessity of a radical change in the human heart, as well as an outward reformation of manners, which change can only be produced by the holy spirit, in the exercise of his peculiar office. He states what appears to him the plain doctrine of scripture and the church of England, and urges the importance of a state of active duty being impressed on the mind.

‘Men are very ready to obey, so far as obedience is not entirely inconsistent with their inclinations; hence the opulent will never take offence at the clergyman who happens to preach a *concio ad populum* against theft, nor the populace at him who censures the vices of their superiors. But if he faithfully tell *both* parties their faults; if he force his reluctant congregation to take a survey of their inward corruptions; and if he declare, that no man can enter into the kingdom of heaven unless a complete and radical change take place in his heart: he will find none satisfied with him but those who are resolved to make the service of God the main business of their lives. In a similar manner, if he assure such of his flock as make a great outward profession of religion, that a vehement zeal for certain particular doctrines, a staunch adherence to party, a never-ceasing eagerness to discuss theological topics, an imtemperate thirst of hearing sermons, and a too exclusive partiality for favorite preachers, are no certain marks of grace; if he solemnly warn them, that the *doers*, and not the *hearers* of God’s word, are treading the path which leads to heaven; and if he remind them, that the *shibboleth* of a sect is by no means an evidence of real Christianity: it is far from improbable, that his plain-dealing will be very ill received. So long as he prophesies smooth things, and accommodates himself to the humor of his congregation, whatever that humor may be, just so long they will speak well of him; but, *let him put forth his hand, and touch their bone and their flesh, and they will curse him to his face.*’

The author’s views of the subject may be gathered from the following remarks.

‘Though we are repeatedly assured by the word of God, that of ourselves we can do no good thing; yet we are never represented as mere machines, subjected to an overwhelming and irresistible influence. The aid of the Holy Spirit is freely offered unto *all*; nor does that blessed person cease to *strive*, even with the most profligate, till they

have obstinately rejected the counsel of God against themselves. The still small voice of conscience, which is in effect the voice of God, long continues to admonish them; and the extreme difficulty, which they find in silencing it, sufficiently shows how unwilling the Almighty is that *any* should perish. *All*, that will, may be saved; for our Lord hath expressly declared, that, *whosoever* cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast him out. Let *none* therefore despair on the ground of their being rejected by a tremendous and irreversible decree of exclusion: for surely, if such a decree existed, God's repeated expostulations with sinners for slighting his gracious offers, when at the same time they lay under a *fatal necessity* of slighting them, would be a solemn mockery, unworthy of a being of infinite mercy and holiness.'

The work is written in a plain familiar style, with considerable animation, and having been composed in the year 1800, Mr. Faber has embraced the opportunity of revising it before publication. It is dedicated to the inhabitants of the three parishes of Stockton-upon-Tees, Redmarshall, and Long-Newton, of which, for the last seven years, he has been successively vicar or rector.

ART. 11.—*The Operations of the Holy Ghost* illustrated and confirmed by Scriptural Authorities; in a series of Sermons, evincing the wisdom and consistency of the economy of grace; with notes and illustrations, exhibiting the evidence of the truth and the authorities of the doctrine, from the primitive church and the church of England. By the Rev. Frederick Nolan, a presbyter of the united church. Octavo. pp. 534. 12s. Rivington, 1813.

It is avowed by the author that in his inquiries respecting the operations of the Holy Ghost, he aspires to the happy mean from which truth rarely, if ever deviates; and as he presumes the rights which he advocates may be adjusted without controversy, he has endeavoured to avoid disturbing established foundations. He conceives that the various works on this subject being defective in overlooking or under-rating the means of grace, his undertaking to 'rectify this defect in the theory of spiritual operations,' will form an apology for entering a field of inquiry involved in peculiar difficulties. The sermons are six:—1. On the descent and manifestation of the Holy Ghost—2. On the extraordinary operations of the Holy Ghost—3. On the ordinary operations of the Holy Ghost—4. On the cessation of the extraordinary operations of the Holy Ghost—5. On the continuance of the ordinary operations of the Holy Ghost—6. On the fruits and witness of the Holy Ghost. The scheme is designed to reconcile the different parties at issue on the subject.

'It inculcates that idea of the operation of grace which the soundest Churchmen have expressly avowed; and in which the Arminian and Calvinist may equally concur, without conceding any essential point in their respective systems. While it asserts with the one the indepen-

dent sovereignty of God, and save with the other the dependant freedom of man, it vindicates, above both, the unlimited power of Christ; and with respect to the nature of the operation of grace, while it holds with the one, that the scriptural description of it is figurative, it maintains with the other, that the spiritual effect of it is mystical. Thus while it embraces every thing excellent in both systems, it escapes the objections to which they are respectively exposed; for while a literal description cannot be easily reconciled with a mystick operation, nor a figurative description with an obvious effect; a mystick operation seems absolutely to require a figurative description, as it is thus only that it can be properly described.

Upwards of three hundred closely printed pages of the work, are occupied by elaborate notes and illustrations, which evince learning and industry. To facts respecting the extraordinary operations of the spirit, Mr. Nolan adduces the testimony of at least one christian and one pagan; and to points of doctrine regarding its ordinary operations, he quotes the authority of at least one approved divine of the primitive, and one of the established church. He discovers an impatient anxiety for conciliation, and deprecates controversy as likely to be productive of injury. The volume is dedicated by permission to the bishop of London.

ART. 12.—*Sermons on the most important subjects.* By the late Rev. J. Andrews, L. L. B. Octavo, pp. 323. 8s. Williams and Son, 1814.

MR. ANDREWS who was vicar of Marden, in Kent, and chaplain to the duke of Dorset, published in his life time 'the scripture doctrine of divine grace,' and we are now presented with these posthumous sermons, which are thirty-four in number, on the following subjects:—1, the gospel, the only natural religion—2 and 3, the spiritual nature of the moral law—4 and 5, flesh and spirit, or the new birth considered—6, the out pouring of the holy spirit—7, the nature and consequences of carnal and spiritual mindedness—8, the conversion and character of St. Paul—9, the grace of God in the dispensation of the gospel—10, the cause of infidelity—11 and 12, christians dead to the law, and alive to God—13, sin, the sting of death—14, the nature and consequences of death—15, on the resurrection—16, on saving knowledge—17, divine advice to real saints—18, the parable of the rich man and Lazarus—19, the nature of spiritual peace—20, parallel between the brazen serpent and Christ—21, caution against false prophets—22, the right use of time—23, on the observation of the Sabbath—24, the duty of trust in God—25, the nature and cure of malice—26, true wisdom—27, holiness necessary to happiness—28, the duty of considering our ways—29, the birth of Christ—30, the parable of the sewer—31, the doctrine of Providence considered—32, a paraphrase on 1 John iii. 1—33, beneficence recommended to the rich—34, sound doctrine—what it is.

Several were preached at St. Philip's, Charlestown, in America;

some at Stinchcomb, in Gloucestershire; and others in the abbey church, at Bath. The subject of each discourse is divided and insisted upon with great earnestness, in plain and perspicuous language. It appears that they were not designed for the public by the author, who preached in an easy and simple style, and who frequently observed, that it was his aim so to express himself, that none who heard him could mistake his meaning. It is justly observed in the preface, that 'the proper end of every instructive composition is to illuminate; and the small taper which gives us light to read by, is preferable to the blazing meteor of the sky which raises astonishment, but leaves us in darkness.'

The Editor, who dates from Marden, observes in a note, that obedience to the precepts of morality, without reference to Christ, is inefficacious, and that '*The Whole Duty of Man*,' which has long been in general esteem, and is to be found in most families, wants the one thing needful; but that '*The Complete Duty of Man*,' by the late Rev. H. Venn, shews how the God of all grace saves us. He therefore humbly recommends the opulent friends of evangelical truth, to commit this book, '*The Complete Duty*,' to the care and reading of every poor man in their parish, upon the condition that he commits the other, '*The Whole Duty*,' if he has it, to the fire.

The volume is neatly printed on an usually large page.

ART. 13.—*The Predestined Thief*; or a dialogue between a Calvinistic Preacher and a Thief condemned to the gallows: in which is represented, in a copy drawn as it were from the life, the influence of calvinistic principles in producing crimes and impieties of every sort, and the impediments placed by those principles in the way of the sinner's repentance, and an amendment of life. With an application to the recent case of Robert Kendall, who was executed at Northampton, August 13, 1813. Post octavo. pp. 66. 3s. Nichols and Co. 1814.

THIS little tract is a translation of archbishop Sancroft's '*Fur Prædestinatus*.' The calvinistic preacher visits the condemned thief in his dungeon, who discloses a long catalogue of debaucheries and crimes, committed under the garb of religion from his youth: becoming systematically, a highwayman in the country, a cut purse in towns, and a nightly depredator, he lived jovially in lewdness and roguery, until he was arrested by the law. The preacher astonished at the levity of his narration, is much more so at finding the thief arguing the certainty of his own salvation from God's final decrees, and predestination of the elect. The dialogue ends by the thief singing a Calvinistic hymn, attributed to Bischof, which produces strong rebukes from the gaoler, who, concluding that the reformed doctrine is calculated to make men secure in their sins, and afford them occasions and motives to persevere in evil courses, and being displeased with the calvinistic preacher, lights his lantern to go in search of a teacher of different principles, that will be more likely to make the thief sorrow

for his wickedness, and prepare him for death in a proper manner. The doctrines are very ingeniously put into the mouth of the malefactor, who is made to completely succeed in silencing the calvinistic preacher's doubts of his salvation.

The application to the case of Kendall, who was hanged for robbing the Leeds mail, is very short. Some documents are affixed, from which it appears, that this man confessed himself guilty previous to the assizes in which he was tried—that after his condemnation, he was urged by the persons to whom he made his confession to restore the property to its owner, which he caused to be restored accordingly—that he afterwards persisted in his innocence—that it is supposed 'he had a spiritual opiate administered to him at his end, similar to that which the thief derives from his Baptist minister, for which the latter is said to have been dismissed his congregation;' and that this 'Baptist minister published the history of Kendall, asserting his innocence at the time that he knew that Kendall had confessed his guilt, and acknowledged that it was his hand which broke open the mail box.'

We consider the pamphlet a curiosity, from its containing, under such a mode, the leading arguments in support of predestination.

ART. 14.—*A Sermon occasioned by the Death of the Rev. Samuel Palmer, of Hackney: who departed this life Nov. 28th, 1813, in the 73d year of his age: preached at the Meeting-house, St. Thomas's Square, December 12th, 1813, by Thomas N. Toller, of Kettering. Together with the oration delivered at the interment, by H. F. Burder, M. A. Octavo. pp. 44. 2s. Conder, 1814.*

Mr. Palmer was born at Bedford in 1741; educated at its Free Grammar School; brought up under Mr. Sanderson, an eminent dissenting minister there, whose church he joined; and finished his education at the Dissenting Academy, Daventry, under Dr. Ashworth. In 1762 he became assistant to Mr. Hunt, at Hackney; undertook the morning service at the Weigh-house, in conjunction with Dr. Langford; and on Mr. Hunt being laid aside in 1766, succeeded him, and shortly afterwards married. He exercised his ministry there upwards of fifty years; and on his death, Mr. Toller, at the express appointment of the deceased, preached his funeral sermon now before us, from 2. Tim. c. i. v. 10, the latter part. He bewails his death in sentiments of affectionate regard, and in a serious and dignified manner, delineates the character whose loss he mourns. This opening is good and bespeaks reflection.

'No subject, within the compass of human reflection, is so interesting and at the same time so confounding and alarming as *death*. It is a subject in which we are all equally interested; and yet of its consequences we are all of us, without foreign information, equally ignorant. Here the rich and the poor, the learned and the illiterate, the wise and the foolish, meet together; we are sure we must die; we dread the event itself, and yet none of us can describe what it is to die,

where we are to be when dead, or whether we are to be at all. To ascertain this point all our wisdom is but folly, and our strength weakness. In spite of all that has been conjectured or discovered by human means, death remains an inexplicable mystery, "as high as heaven, what can we do! deep as hell, what can we know!"

'In these circumstances, and situated as we are in respect to this momentous point, I affirm, that the passage just read (in point of import) contains the greatest words in the world—words which demand and deserve attention more than any words which ever came from a mouth, or were ever written with a pen, on any other subject.—"Who, (that is, Christ) hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel.'

Mr. Burder's oration at the interment, is plain and unaffected.—The sermon and oration were published at the request of the congregation.

The Nonconformist's Memorial, a work of considerable celebrity amongst Dissenters, was written by Mr. Palmer.

ART. 15.—*The Energy of Talent, and the reward of active virtue and benevolence.* An address delivered at the interment of Joseph Dawson Esq. of Royds-Hall, in the County of York, in the Protestant Dissenting Chapel, in Chapel-Lane, Bradford, on Saturday, December 18, 1813, by the Rev. Thomas Jervis. Octavo, pp. 26. 1s. Johnson & Co. 1814.

This oration which celebrates the virtues of the deceased, in glowing language, informs us that Mr. Dawson was educated at a seminary amongst Protestant Dissenters at Daventry, which had formerly been under Dr. Doddridge at Northampton, and that he concluded at the universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh. He became one of the proprietors of the iron-works at Low-Moor, near Bradford, and appears to have been a gentleman of considerable attainment in classical, mathematical, and ethica science, and in chemistry, geology, and mineralogy.

'If he did not consider the accuracy of religious opinions as paramount to all other objects; if he believed that the virtues of sobriety, honesty, and industry are of more value to the great mass of mankind, who are destined to provide for themselves and those of their own household by the sweat of the brow—than the nice distinctions of a speculative and philosophical faith; yet he yielded to no man in an ardent love of truth, and a rational zeal in maintaining it.

'At an early period of life, he was the intimate friend and associate of the enlightened Priestley, and the venerable Turner; while a general and friendly accordance of sentiments and habits subsisted between him and those learned persons; but no slavish uniformity of opinions on either part; for, with a manly, honest independence of mind, he

called no man master upon earth. Yet, while he asserted an unconstrained and uncontroled right to think, and judge, and decide, for himself in matters of speculative belief, no man could be more tolerant, more candid, or more liberal, in conceding to others the same privilege which he claimed for himself.'

Mr. Jervis forcibly calls the attention of his auditors to the solemn considerations which such an occasion uniformly inspire.

POETRY.

ATR. 16.—*Safie; an eastern tale.* By J. H. Reynolds, Small Octavo. pp. 96. 5s. 6d. James Cawthorn, 1814.

Lord Byron opens to himself a new path to fame, and instantly a crowd aspire to climb the height he has reached. The 'author of *Safie*, of surer tread and firmer hope than most others, proceeds, not without difficulty, nor yet without caution; and if his powers will not enable him to reach the summit, they have carried, and sustain him far above the base.

The story of the poem is simple, the Persian Assad's Haram is forced by a Turkish horde, and his beauteous mistress, *Safie*, carried off after a desperate resistance by Guelph its chieftain.

' Wounded and fainting Assad fell
Upon the carnage-cover'd ground;
But outward he was hale and well,
Compared with inward wound,
A moment gazed he on the fair,
With nerveless hand and frenzied stare;—
He saw her borne on courser, fleet
As ever paw'd with restless feet;—
He tried to raise his voice,—'twas vain;
Convulsed with rage, fatigue, and pain,
He fell like tenant of the grave,
Too faint to fight, too weak to save.
And what, when waking, were Assad's throes,
When returning mem'ry drew each scene?
What then were his feelings—Ah! what were his woes
To remember what late had been!'

' And did he rave when life return'd?
And was all hope, all pity spurn'd?
And did he call on maiden lost?'

' No!—There was in his face, his air,
The settled horror of despair!—
The sunken eye,—the bloodless cheek,—
The tongue that scorcs to mourn,—to speak,—
The heedless ear,—the memory gone

Of every object past, save one !
 Those brooding thoughts that ne'er depart,
 The inward bleeding of the heart,—
 The sudden tear,—the sadden'd face,—
 The mind's dejection and disgrace,—
 The seeming peace, yet hidden strife,—
 The weary listlessness of life :
 Oh ! there was in his face, his air,
 The settled horror of despair !

When he recovers from this state of mind he determines to go in search of his beloved Safie.

' A few went with him, and few were meet,
 Of harden'd valour and chosen might ;—
 The first to attack,—the last to retreat,
 In the frenzied hour of fight,
 And they were arm'd for fray or flight.
 For combat close, or savage chase.'

After journeying the desert with his faithful troop they arrive at a Turkish dwelling.

' He pass'd beneath a Haram bower,
 At evening's cool and peaceful hour,
 When, gently breathed, the freshening breeze
 Came perfumed through the orange trees,—
 And to its breath such sweets were given,
 It wafted like the sighs of heaven ;—
 The leaves combined to mar its way,
 And gently craved its dallying stay,—
 Heedless it just the blossoms shed,
 Kiss'd the green foliage, and fled.
 The lamps in many a Mosque were set,
 And guests in the Kiosk were met,
 To flaunt it by the taper's ray,
 And revel at departed day.—
 He paused awhile beneath the wall,
 To hear the music of the hall,
 Where ladies sang, and look'd and sigh'd,
 In prime of youth,—in beauty's pride.—
 Well guarded by the dark Schaban,
 That living relic of a man,—
 Whose only task it is to move
 A joyless slave to tyrant love.'

Assad hears the voice of Safie, he storms her residence with his band, is defeated in his enterprize, and captured.

' Disarm'd—despairing—wounded—pain'd ;—
 His brain on fire ;—his body chain'd ;

With sullen sadness, Assad paced
 To the dark cell :—his mind a waste !
 And sadly in the cell of stone,
 He pass'd the gloomy night, alone,
 Save one poor sharer in his care,
 That harass'd deeply,—slumber'd there.
 He gazed upon his vassal sadly,—

And tears, the medicine to his grief,
 Stole down his cheek,—a cool relief !

To one whose spirit burn'd so madly.

“ To live is but to crawl along

A weary world, amidst a throng

Of heartless beings, form'd to prey

On all who cross their watchful way.

To live, when all we love of life

Is overwhelm'd by woe and strife,

Is but to drag a lengthen'd chain,

Whose links are solitude and pain.

When what the heart most seeks to love

Leaves it in solitude to move,—

When all of earthly joy is gone,

And what the hopes were fix'd upon,—

When light no more can gladness give,

'Tis best to die !—'Tis base to live !”

He employs the night in writing of his sorrows and despair, and before morning stabs himself with his ataghan or dagger, but before he dies gives the written scroll to the slave, to deliver to Safie.

‘ The slave hath said who saw him die,—

That not for worlds would he again

View the last look of such an eye :—

It glancing spoke of inward pain,—

Of faded hope—of baffled hate,—

Which blood would glad, and nought but death could sate.

And might he once but live again,

The same dread deeds so dared of late,

Again he'd venture for his mate :—

And sorrow—love—revenge would wait,

To lead him on, yet lead in vain.

The slave hath said,—while life was leaving

In dark red streams his mangled breast,

The causes of his death,—his grieving,

Upon his thoughts tumultuous prest.

He dash'd his arms upon the floor,

So wet, so stain'd with his own gore ;

He writhed his body,—struck his wound,

And scatter'd wide the blood around ;—

But towards the last his strength grew tame,
 And languor mark'd a weaken'd frame ;—
 His thoughts,—his love were still the same ;
 While dying, lovely Safie's name
 In murmurs from his pale lips past ;
 One groan he utter'd :—'twas his last
 Yet still upon his pallid face,
 Revenge the vassal's eye could trace,—
 Which living feelings first imprest—
 Which Death had fix'd with his cold touch ;—
 And oh ! that faded front exprest
 Of unextinguished hate so much,
 The slave could scarce believe that such
 Was the last look of one at rest !

The ' Scroll' declares his unaltered love, bitterly reproaches her with having faithlessly submitted to the Turk, and despairingly declares the impossibility of his living whilst she is possessed by another.

' " I think that I could view, unmoved,
 Thy wasted form, though so beloved,
 More peacefully, than see its charms
 Reposing in my rival's arms :—
 Better to wake within the grave,
 With none to hear, or see, or save ;—
 To wake upon a stormy night,
 And view a strange, unearthly light
 Upon the dark, damp cavern dancing,—
 And see the spirits' blood-draughts laving :
 To view the ravenous Gouls advancing,
 With fury for the flesh-feast craving ;—
 To feel them tear the throbbing breast,
 With burning fangs that know no rest,
 Regardless of convulsive moan,—
 To feel them feed ere life is gone !" '

Safie reads the Scroll and harrowed by its horrors, sinks under her miseries.

' Thus drooping, Safie sought the grave,—
 Nor art could e'er arrest or save ;—
 But at the last, one hectic blush
 Was seen upon her cheek to rush ;—
 That came to promise, yet betray,
 And only flutter'd, like the ray
 That dances in the evening sky,
 That lights awhile, but lights to die.
 She journey'd lonely to her rest,—
 Her heart was breaking in her breast ;—
 And loving with her latest breath.
 She proved her faithfulness—in death !'

A judgment may be formed of Mr. Reynolds's poetical abilities by the extracts we have selected, which, though best calculated to illustrate the story, are not the best in the poem. In 'the Scroll' are passages of peculiar pathos. Though we think well of *Safie*, and that it augurs better performance; we cannot promise excellence to its author—that indeed is far beyond the reach of many gentlemen whom we are obliged, in fairness, to acknowledge as tenants on Parnassus' Hill. We would whisper too, to many tyros in the new school, that knowledge of local scenery, costume and manners go a long, a very long way in getting up a new piece; and that the dresses and decorations and the quaint names of the poetical accoutrement makers, have made poems *go off* which had no intrinsic merit whatever.

'*Safie*' is dedicated to Lord Byron, and some introductory stanzas, in '*Childe Harold*', measure, are prefixed.

ART.—17. *The Modern Antique: or the Muse in the Costume of Queen Anne.* Octavo. pp. 340. 12s. Pople, 1813.

" — Admit me of your crew," says our author, in his title page, we suppose to the poets.

Hear him, ye bards!—hear him!

'Tis true a wretched poem cannot last,

But not less true, real merit may be past.

Thus folly triumphs— but still some redress

The world demands against the teeming press.

Perhaps 'tis well, in this enlighten'd age,

In some degree to check the rhyming rage;

The days are o'er of chivalry and song;

Britons are tam'd, and tun'd the British tongue;

And should a race of younger poets rise,

Scarce more 'twould polish, or more render wise:

Then, from the press, but excellence proceed,

Or henceforth excellence alone succeed;

Our artless treatise for exception plead!

He declares too that he feels no trifling degree of timidity in ushering his bantling into existence,—a modest pocket volume the reader will suppose; no such thing—this *bantling* is a large full sized octavo, which he protests was stimulated upon the world in order to diminish his manuscripts. Was no other mode of affecting his purpose open to him? there was; but he tells us that few can persuade themselves that what they have long been accustomed to consider as a genuine ray from the real fountain of light, is in fact nothing more than an ignis fatuus; or have the courage to consign what has long amused early ambition to the flames. Alas! all this incapability of being persuaded, and lack of courage, is very selfish!

ART. 18.—*Posthumous Parodies* and other pieces, composed by several of our most celebrated Poets, but not published in any former edition of their works. Small Octavo. pp. 112. 6s. Miller. 1814.

PARODISTS are seldom poets, but this parodist is so truly poetical, that we wish he had thrown politics and other people's poetry behind him

and filled his pages with his own. His work is in two parts : a ' pre-fatory paper, by the shade of Mr. Addison, introduces the first part ; a like paper, by the shade of Dr. Johnson, the second part. The parodies are fourteen in number. 1, The Patriot's Progress—Shakspeare's Seven Ages. 2, Fashion—Milton's l'Allegro. 3, Sir Francis's Feast or the Jacobin Journalists—Dryden's Alexandus Feast. 4, Political Paraphrase of a passage in Pope's Temple of Fame, ' but in the centre of the hallow'd choir, &c.' 5, Ditto of a passage in Thomson's Seasons, ' now shepherds to your charge, &c.' 6, The Aspirants [for the premiership]—Collins's Ode on the Passions. 7, The chaplain to the.....—the Vicar of Bray. 8, Elegiac Stanzas on returning at day break through an alley in London, from a ball—Gray's elegy and epitaph. 9, The speaker's dinner, Goldsmith's Retaliation. 10, prologue for opening the great theatre, St. Stephen's, 1813—Johnson's Prologue. 11, Verses by the editor of the —— —Cowper's verses by Selkirk. 12, Invasion of Russia by the shade of Darwin—(not a parody). 13, A Bachelor's Soliloquy—Shakspeare's ' To be' &c.

14, THE PARODIES, *Shakspeare.*

' OUR parodies are ended. These our authors,
As we foretold you, were all Spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air.
And, like the baseless fabric of these verses,
The Critic's puff, the Trade's advertisement,
The Patron's promise, and the World's applause,—
Yea, all the hope of poets,—shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial fable fated,
Leave not a groat behind !'

An imitation of Pindar (12 Olymp.) With Latin notes on the election of W--- W--- P--- L--- W--- into the house of commons, concludes with this

' EPODE.

Illustrious son of W-- ll-- sl-- y P-- le,
From danger thus thy lofty soul
Has sprung to sudden glory !
Who has not heard the story
Of that dire combat with the rival youth,
Which fix'd the credit of thy truth,
Won a rich maiden to thy love-sick arms,
And freed thy shoulder from the law's alarms ?
But for that hour
Of deadly stour,
When fire and smoke
Revenged thy joke,
I ween thy golden dreams had all been vain,
And Wanstead's glittering halls had own'd another's reign.
Until the day
Of that affray,
Tilney's heiress shunn'd thy glances ;
Not a creature spoke thy praise :

Not a Dandy back'd thy chances,
 From Newmarket to Watier's :
 And every sniggering summer spark
 Quizz'd the smart curriole that bore thee,
 With twenty troubles pending o'er thee,
 To share with C—tes's cocks the gazing park,
 And shew like him, a face, long, woe-begone, and dark.
 ' But now M. P. is written,
 O P—le, behind thy name ;
 And lo ! exulting Britain
 Anticipates thy fame :
 Thy greatness to compose,
 Two of her shires go halves ;
 Wilts, eminent for clo'es,
 And Essex, rich in calves !

The succeeding imitation (of Horace, book 4, odes 8 and 9), from motives which the author and an individual particularly designated [Ad Lollium] will appreciate, we shall not remark on. Next follows a humorous biographical memoir of Helen, for the use of schools; and the volume concludes with this pathetic

‘ APOLOGY TO THE READERS.

YE, who have deign'd thus far to scan
 This motley page, these mimic lays,—
 And haply smiled to trace the plan
 Of happier bards, and better days.
 Forgive a Muse, unskill'd, unknown
 If, in her faint and fault'ring swell,
 She lose, too oft, that lighter tone
 Which best became so frail a shell.
 A bleak and with'ring world has dried
 The playful vein of youth and glee,
 And chill'd, like frost at morning tide,
 The life-warm breath of extacy.
 And if, in some romantic hour,
 A poet's visions gleam again,
 And fancy half dispels the pow'r
 Of disappointment and of pain ;
 Too soon remembrance damps the glow—
 Too soon that thrill of life is fled—
 The failing soul forgets to flow,
 And all is cold, and dark, and dead.
 Then comes the sickness of regret,
 The sad misgiving of the mind,
 For hopes, so roughly overset,
 And years, so swiftly left behind,—
 Years, when this glitt'ring world was new,
 And young Ambition hail'd the scene
 Press'd for the heights that crown'd the view,
 Nor saw the dreary wastes between !

My earliest wish, my fondest pray'r,
 Was but to serve my native land,—
 Beneath a Statesman's eye to share
 The praise and peril of command,—
 To mingle in the warm debate,—
 To check the rage of factious zeal,—
 And learn the science of the state,
 The sources of the public weal.
 O! I could lightly, proudly bear
 All that such high pursuits might claim—
 The anxious hours of lonely care,
 And long fatigues that lead to fame!
 But still to see that toil o'erthrown,
 And still to labour and expect,
 Yet still, unfriended and unknown,
 To struggle with the World's neglect;
 These are the trials that have bent
 The temper of a constant mind
 My heart is sad, my courage spent,
 And glory's darling dream resign'd!
 And therefore fails this falt'ring tongue,
 And broken are th' unequal lays,
 That faintly imitate the song
 Of happier bards, and better days.'

Our parodist is a poetical politician of the Pitt school; an admirer of Mr. Croker, Mr. Canning, and the noblemen and gentlemen with whom they 'have the honour to act.' Having fared, we perceive, very scurvily by attachment to the great, we hope he will get more by cultivating a connexion with the muses; but we caution him against expressing political antipathies and personal dislikes in verse; they read awkwardly to an ear accustomed to urbanity, and distress minds that would otherwise be pleased by his talents. He has powers which, unless the Paruassian dames be coy, may make him some amends for disappointments in state affairs.

ART. 19.—*Lavinia; or the Bard of Iruell's Lament.* An Elegiac Poem. Foolscap 8vo. pp. 32. 2s. Souter, 1814.

A melancholy event at Manchester appears to be the occasion of this little poem. Mysterious as the circumstances remain, perhaps a prose writer would hardly have ventured beyond deploring the event, but poets plead privilege for every department from rule—for even making their title pages fib.—The author of this 'Lament' is as full of vengeful vective as of tender pity; and, however much he compassionates the fate of the 'lovely young Lavinia,' he is not less angry with the supposed author of her distress.

'Sleep, sleep in peace thy torturing hour is o'er,
 And vile aspersions sting thy breast no more;

No more a lover barbs th'envenom'd dart,
 And, turn'd a demon, points it at thy heart;
 No more thy gentle spirit, tempest tost,
 Laments its compass, and its steerage lost;
 No more along the raging ocean driv'n
 Implores in vain the pitying aid of Heav'n !

We have little doubt of this being a maiden muse ; the passions shew themselves according to nature and are unaffectedly expressed.

ART. 20.—*Eloisa ad Abelardo* da Alessandro Pope ; tradotta da G. B. Boschini, Romano. Royal octavo. pp. 36. Schulze, 1814.

This Italian translation of Pope's impassioned poem of Abelard and Eloisa by an Italian so well acquainted with poetry and the English language as Mr. Boschini, will not detract from that gentleman's literary reputation.—The lines that follow are a specimen of the versification.

‘ Meco dunque dividi i tuoi tormenti ;
 Anzi, se del mio dir tu vuoi far senno,
 Dammi tutti i tuoi affanni, e in te sian spenti.
 Le lettere al ciel la loro origin denno,
 Che a qualch' esule amante, od a cattiva
 Sventurata donzella ne die' cenno.
 Si stempria in esse il cuor, libera e viva
 V' arde fiamma d' amor, da quelle solo
 D' alme divise dolce union deriva.
 Senza tema o rossor portano a volo
 L' ascoso verginal desio nascente ;
 E aleggiano unsospir dall' Indo al polo.’

The translation is dedicated in elegant Italian to Mr. Matthias. Pope's poem in English is subjoined.

NOVEL.

ART. 21.—*The Towers of Ravenswold ; or Days of Ironside.* A Romance. By William Henry Hitchener, of the Surrey Theatre. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 400. 10s. Chapple. 1814.

WE have heard of recipes for compounding romances, and, if we are not mistaken, most of the ingredients are to be found in the *Towers of Ravenswold* : the time is far enough from our age, and the scene of action sufficiently barbarous—at least we infer so, from the one being in the days of Edmund Ironside, and the other our own country, certainly then in a state of very little refinement ; the barons are bold and bloody ; the ladies and the ghosts such as inhabited grim castles seven or eight centuries ago ; to these are added a fierce banditti, with a mysterious man in an iron mask for their captain ; a priest, loving liquor and lasses ; and denouncing church censure upon noncon-

forming nobles; the usual quantity of silly serving men; and a character almost new to modern romance readers—a mad woman, who meeting with robbers, thus addresses them—

“Have pity upon poor Winifred that sleeps under the hawthorn, where the wind blows, and the snow drives over her head. Stay where you are, and Winifred will sing to you.

“Four and twenty bold young men,
Mounted in fine array,
And headed by their captain brave,
Went forth o’ the king’s highway.

They robb’d the rich, they fed the poor,
They drank and they carous’d;
Till angry justice found their haunts,
And quickly they were unhous’d.

Now had these four and twenty men
Been forth to serve their king,
They had not on the gallows tree
Been lastly compelled to swing.”

Mr. Hitchener’s romance is divided into chapters, to which he has prefixed appropriate mottos for different bards.

EDUCATION.

ART. 22.—*The principles of English Grammar*; comprising the substance of all the most approved English Grammars extant; briefly defined, and neatly arranged; with copious exercises in parsing and syntax. By William Lennie, teacher of English and geography, Edinburgh. Second edition. 18mo. pp. 120. 1s. 6d. Longman. 1812.

ART. 23.—*A Key to Lennie’s principles of English Grammar*; containing an abstract of the author’s method of teaching grammar, intended for ladies, private students, and others. By the same author. 18mo. pp. 108. 2s. bound. Longman. 1812.

MR. LENNIE’S principles of English grammar form a useful little book remarkably perspicuous, and disencumbered from the verbiage usually found in similar works, which perplexes the scholar and his master. His remarks, in the introduction to the key, deserve the peculiar regard of all persons engaged in teaching. We are aware of the insolence in certain teachers that he complains of; but as his object is to assist mothers in educating their own children; students who desire to improve themselves; and young teachers who want experience; and as his two little books convince us that he can accomplish this, we have little doubt of his success. We recommend them to all persons thus circumstanced.

ART. 24.—*A New System of teaching the Art of Writing*; comprehending Essays on the subject, extracted from Lectures delivered at different periods by the Author, also, hints relative to teaching writing by analysis, &c. to which is added a plan of acquiring improvement in business hand writing, by a peculiar movement of the pen; containing a curious classification of the letters, and combining the excellence and uniform neatness of English manuscript. Dedicated by permission, to H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex, by J. Carstairs, author of Tachygraphy or the Flying Pen, Abbreviated Arithmetic, &c. Octavo. pp. 80. 12s. boards, 1814.

Mr. Carstairs's title is so explicit, that we have little occasion to dilate on the contents or object of his book. Ten plates illustrate his mode of writing, and render it capable of being learned without his personal assistance. He adopts the Lancastrian principle of teaching to make boys learn quickly, and for those who wish to have a command of the pen, he lays great stress on the right arm being kept light and at liberty to move in any direction at pleasure. His system of easy writing, is founded on the looping of letters and words together. Learners and persons desirous of improvement will be able to consult the work with advantage.

ART. 25.—*Méthode pratique pour apprendre, &c.* A practical method for the easy acquirement of the English Language, from Siret, Parquet, Cobbett and others, newly arranged and augmented by George Hodgkins. 12mo. pp. 264. 6s. Boosey, 1813.

At a moment when strangers of all ranks, and in all countries, are looking towards Great Britain with admiration and regard, it is both politic and polite, to prepare every species of accommodation for those who may choose to visit, or reside with us. All the facilities which promote our intellectual intercourse, are to be reckoned among the agreeables of life; and we cannot render greater service to our foreign friends, which also will be mutually pleasant, whatever the nature of their connexions with us may be, than to expedite the means of instructing them in our language. This Grammar is adapted to teach the English tongue to those who are already acquainted with the French. The editor, who is a teacher of repute, has incorporated the principles of the authors, enumerated in the title, with his book, from having in the course of a long practice, experienced their efficacy. The rules are concise and simple, and a student, with a moderate share of attention to them, can hardly fail to learn the language. In some instances, the desire of multiplying examples, has led the editor into the very common fault of citing instances not strictly apposite; as, in illustrating the rule, that the English sometimes form the gender by adding a pronoun to the substantive, he translates *un cousin* into a *he* cousin and *une cousine* into a *she* cousin;—a species of vulgarity, that if any foreigner were to adopt, it would be at the risk of being ridiculed. The usual practice of the English in this case, is to add the

name of the relations spoken of—my cousin George or my cousin Charlotte. The exercises are, in general, judiciously selected.

ART. 26.—*French Phraseology*. Second edition. 24mo. pp. 260. 4s. bound. Law, 1814.

THE repeated improprieties that persons commit until they overcome the habit of translating, literally afford daily proofs of the necessity of taking great pains to understand the sense of set-phrases and figurative expressions, as well as the simple import of their several terms. This little book is, in fact, a collection of the idiomatical expressions of the French and English languages, arranged under the titles, literature, the drama, the arts, manners, morals, wealth, time, weather, exercises, amusements, the table, horses, travelling, trade, law, property, politics, diplomacy, military, naval, [navy.] If it possesses any advantage over Chambaud's idioms, we have not discovered it. However, few novices in the French can take the trouble of examining this bagatelle without being amply repaid for their attention.

ART. 27.—*Natural History of Quadrupeds*, for children; combined with an attempt to engraft on the youthful mind, the principles of tenderness and compassion for the animal creation. By the author of "The Decoy." 18mo. pp. 120. Darton, Harvey and Co. 1813.

THIS is, perhaps, one of the prettiest books of Natural History for young folks that we have seen. The plates are numerous, and executed with great fidelity, and the animals here appear, as they very seldom do, upon paper, with much life and spirit. We are particularly struck with the merit of the work altogether, and recommend it as calculated to give children just conceptions of the animals described,

ART. 28.—*The Spanish Guitar*: a tale. For the use of young persons. By Elizabeth Isabella Spence. 12mo. pp. 90. 3s. boards. Chapple, 1814.

THIS little tale relates the retirement of Mrs. Maynardan, officer's widow, with her three daughters, from affluence in town, upon a more limited income, to a cottage and content. The journey, and the necessity of accommodation to their new situation, with the incidents arising from it, afford many opportunities of useful instruction to the young ladies. Emily, the eldest, who is entrusted with an important department in the family and the care of her sisters, attaching herself too closely to her guitar, neglects her duty; and, experiencing the consequences of her error, regains her own esteem by efforts of self-denial. The Spanish Guitar may be put into the hands of young females by their mothers, with full confidence in its being pleasing to ingenious minds. Its morality is unexceptionable.

MEDICINE.

ART. 29.—*Observations on the Nature and Treatment of Consumption*; addressed to Patients and Families. By Charles Pears, M. D. F. L. S. Member of several Literary Societies, domestic and foreign; late Lecturer on the structure and management of the Human Body, &c. Octavo. pp. 78. 4s. boards. Higley and Son, 1814.

BESIDES the usual causes of Consumption, Dr. Pears thinks that the disorder has been extended by the increased variability of our atmosphere; the prevailing fashions; the mercantile interests; and general intemperance, excess, and debauchery;—that men are more particularly affected by the latter, and women by the fashions. After stating that the causes of Consumption are all such as to produce debility, in which the disease is founded, he proceeds to recommend an invigoration of the whole system, as essential to cure; * food and medicine must be directed to this end, to gain time, and enable the constitution to recover its natural and healthy powers. The food should be of the most nourishing and invigorating kind; animal food, strong broths, and beef tea, poultry, game, wine, fat, (and what is called) "rear" or underdone meat, are the most nourishing and proper; spices if agreeable, and pickles. Salt and savory meats may be allowed, and are frequently required by the stomach. To these may be added butter milk, and that admirably nourishing substance, called in Devonshire clotted cream. Wine and water, common draught, or bottled porter; good mild ale, home brewed, and not too new or fermentible, may be drank in general, with the occasional or moderate and regular use of wine, (especially tent wine,) in small quantities. If they should appear to disagree or excite coughing, (as every liquid will sometimes do,) repetition and perseverance will soon overcome the difficulty, and prove the advantage thus gained. No weak liquids must be allowed for beverage. Milk should be avoided on this account, as very improper, especially ass's milk; it is too weak. The stomach requires strength which cannot be obtained from weak fluids. Cow's milk is better than ass's, because it has more nourishment from its richness and strength; but goat's milk is superior to either for the same reason; and the Devonshire clotted cream (before named) is preferable to them all. Coffee or chocolate is better than tea. A new laid egg, beat up with wine and sugar, and a little milk, if agreeable, may be taken with advantage, whenever the stomach is disposed for it: vegetables and pastry should be avoided, with all fermentible food, from their want of nourishment, and disposition to generate wind, and induce debility. Every kind of food should be taken in small quantities, and very frequently. The night should not by any means be passed without it, when the patient is awake; that the stomach may be gradually invigorated by constant but not laborious employ: to strengthen, not fatigue. The doctor says, that in his practice he frequently orders a 'ham-sandwich,

anchovy, red-herring, beef steak and onions, stewed oysters, with brown stout, or wine; and these even in the night.'

We unhesitatingly say that we think Dr Pears's views of the mode of treatment in consumption, as related at some length in his work, essentially correct. We have ourselves seen the happiest results from practice upon the principles he adopts. His 'observations' are strengthened by quotations from numerous eminent physicians in all ages on the 'art of curing by the first principle'—*i. e.* by the assistance of nature. More cures certainly are effected in consumption by the application of common sense, than by all the recipes that have ever been written. We recommend this little tract to notice.

Before parting from Dr. Pears, we suggest to him the propriety of *gentlemanly* treatment towards those of the profession from whom he differs. He will turn to his note, particularly towards the bottom, at page 56, for our allusion. We shall be pleased to see this work in a second edition with a less often repetition of the (!) at the end and in the middle of sentences; and with most of the words now in *italics* and CAPITALS, which, by their frequency, weaken the force of his 'observations' given in plain roman.

ART. 30.—*An Essay on Medical Economy*, comprising a Sketch of the State of the Profession in England, and the outlines of a Plan calculated to give to the Medical Body in general an increase of Usefulness and Respectability. Octavo. pp. 176. 6s. Underwood, 1814.

It is not surprising that the liberal professions should in some degree partake of the improvements of which they are extensively susceptible; and that the practice of medicine which has least of all, perhaps, kept pace with the progress of knowledge: should be attempted to be ameliorated. The present Essay which is dedicated to Sir James Mackintosh, premises that a principal cause of the unimproved state of medicine, is to be found in the little encouragement given to men of superior talents to exert themselves; and proposes means for its advancement.

'1st. The practice of the healing art to be confined altogether to physicians, or at least to men who have been found on trial to possess all that general and minute information now expected in candidates for the medical degree; besides including what is considered to be wanted in the surgeon only.

'2d. The members of the medical body to be divided into orders, according to seniority, with an appropriate fee for each, and every one to practise a specified time in each of the inferior departments successively, before he can be eligible for admission into the highest.

'It will perhaps be sufficient for every useful purpose to institute three orders, and for their fees we may put down half-a-

crown, a dollar, and a guinea. The first may be denominated junior, the second median, and the third senior doctors, or physicians.

'3d. The juniors and medians to practise in all the departments of the profession, or to take the place of the general-practitioners of the present establishment, and the seniors as physicians do now; or devoting themselves to particular departments, they might act chiefly in these as consulting physicians, surgeons, accoucheurs, &c.

'4. After devoting the specified time, say five years, to one order, the higher may be assumed at the option of the candidates; but it must be acquired by a fresh course of trial, and not simply by length of service.

'5th. The business of the profession to be managed by a supreme college, of which every practitioner must be a member, and auxiliary associations or committees, to superintend more particularly the interests of the different branches of science connected with the art.

'6th. The admission into the college to be by a course of rigid experimental examinations, and graduates of all universities to be equally eligible to become candidates.

'7th. Physicians of the senior order to be allowed to retain a certain number of the junior, as assistants or protégées, to whom they may entrust the more laborious and least valuable part of their work, while they give in return the assistance which may be expected from an overseer or counsellor.

'8th. The business of pharmacy to be left entirely in the hands of chemists and druggists; and no compounded preparation to be sold without a prescription, having the name of the prescriber written upon it at full length. The pharmacist to act, of course, under a licence, and the qualifications of his shopmen to be ascertained by examination, &c.

'9th. The sum to be paid for every prescription to be marked on the receipt by the physician: and for this purpose, the prices to be adjusted periodically between a committee of physicians and pharmacutists.

'10th. Lists of the different orders of physicians and of the pharmacutists to be printed for general distribution every year, and a copy of the first to be hung up in every dispensary or drug shop.

Upon the plan proposed in this Essay, we shall not offer an opinion; but that something is necessary to be done very speedily, every man who has at all considered the present state of medicine, must be convinced. However we may occasionally differ from the author, and question the propriety of some of his propositions, we think many of his suggestions very important; and as he takes a wide view of his subject, and writes with candour and ability, we recommend the Essay to all who are interested in measures for regulating the profession, or rendering the practice of the healing art, more respectable and useful.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ART. 31.—Punctuation: or an attempt to facilitate the art of pointing, on the principles of grammar and reason, for the use of schools, and the assistance of general readers. By S. Rousseau, 12 mo. pp. 236. 5s. Longman & Co. 1813.

A Treatise on punctuation coming from a printer, is not out of character: but if, in consequence of our printers becoming learned, our stock of book-makers is to be increased, it would be much better for the world that their powers should be confined within the narrow compass of just knowing how to do what they are bid. The tract before us makes a parade of learning, certainly not unconnected with the subject, but far beyond what is necessary for instruction in the art of pointing.

The most difficult branch of punctuation, is the use of the semicolon. Stackhouse has many excellent observations on this 'point.' We were surprised on going through Mr. Rousseau's book, to find that out of forty-four rules, one only was devoted to this intricate subject: of that 'rule' we will give no opinion; it shall speak for itself, '*Rule 57* a semicolon may be used in dividing sentences, where the grammatical construction is not fully complete; or, in other words, as a comma makes a less division, so a semicolon points out a greater division of a sentence.—In reading, a semicolon requires a pause twice the length of that which is observed in the comma.'

Mr. Rousseau's definition of the period, we think very deficient, and his example not less so. '*Rule 43.*—When a sentence is so complete and independent, as not to be connected in construction with the other sentence, it is marked with a period or full-point. *Example* "The Supreme Being changes not, either in his desire to promote our happiness, or in the plan of his administration. One light always shines upon us from above. One clear and direct path is always pointed out to man." We hardly know a tyro in composition, whose enquiries would be answered by this superficial and slovenly *Rule*; for the whole artifice may be detected by the variation of a term or two in the example, and the question, what is the natural limit of a period? be as undetermined as it was before. For instance, let the above example read thus, 'The supreme being changes not, either in his desire to promote our happiness, or in the plan of his administration: his light always shines upon us from above: he always points out one clear and direct path for man.' This is the natural construction of the passage, and so formed it arranges itself under the 38th *Rule* which defines the colon. 'The colon is admissible when the matter which precedes it is complete in its grammatical construction, but is nevertheless followed by something which is illustrative.'

This treatise leaves all the leading difficulties of punctuation unsolved, and only removes those which have been as well treated of in other books. We are extremely sorry to see such a prevalent taste for increasing the number of works that fail of being useful.

ART. 32.—*The Accidents of Human Life*; with hints for their prevention, or the removal of their consequences, by Newton Bosworth, Honorary Member of the London Philosophical Society. f. c. 8 vo. pp. 222. 4s. 6d. Lackington, 1813.

Mr. Bosworth's design in this little work, is very praiseworthy; we have here directions how to escape from a burning house; account of fire escapes; modes of extinguishing fires, both as to houses and persons, and of guarding against it generally; means of getting bodies out of the water, and restoring the apparently drowned; means of deliverance and precautions against dangers at sea; modes of treating falls, wounds, burns, scalds, fainting, &c.; cautions respecting fire arms, catching cold, thunder storms, swallowing bones, and indulging sensibility. The author's style is too diffuse, but as the book is useful, he will perhaps have an opportunity of rendering it less wordy.

LIST OF BOOKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

NOTE.—bd. signifies *bound*—h. bd. *half-bound*—sd. *sewed*. The rest are, with few exceptions, in *boards*. ed. signifies *edition*—n. ed. *new edition*.

ABERNETHY, (J.) on Local Diseases, and on Aneurisms, 3d ed. 8vo. 7s.

Abstract of the Indian Reports of the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, 8vo. 13s.

Academical Gazette for Schools and Families, conducted by an University Graduate, No. I. A Number in 4to. with an Engraving of an Academy in each, to be published every Wednesday, price 9½d.

Aikin's (A. and C. R.) Appendix to the Dictionary of Chemistry and Mineralogy, 4to. 18s.

Andrews's (late, Rev. J. L. L. B.) Sermons, 8vo. 8s.

Architectura Ecclesiastica Londini; or, the Ecclesiastical Architecture of London. Parts I. and II. imperial 4to. 30 plates in each. £2. 5s. each; folio £3 3s. royal folio, India paper proofs, £6 6d.

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